

JANUARY No.28



# NATIONAL COMICS 10¢



**GEE!**  
UNCLE SAM,  
G2 IS A  
TERRIFIC  
HIT!

NATIONAL COMICS

PAGE

Al Gabriele



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# HEY KIDS!

DECEMBER  
NO. 38

## SMASH COMICS 10¢

FLIP THE COVER  
AND SEE  
WHAT HAPPENS  
TO MIDNIGHT!



# LOOK

## 64<sup>of</sup> PAGES

### THRILLING, EXCITING ADVENTURE

### RUSH TO YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND, WITHOUT FAIL!



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# UNCLE SAM

BY  
AL  
GABRIELE



**LUGATI**... ONLY A SMALL, UNNOTICED ISLAND HIDDEN IN THE VASTNESS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC. BUT LUGATI WAS DESTINED TO BECOME AN IMPORTANT PART OF AMERICAN HISTORY... A MIGHTY SYMBOL TO THE FIGHTING MEN OF THE NATION.



HELLO, READERS--IF YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO MOVE ON DON'T LET ME DETAIN YOU--BUT IF YOU HAVE A FEW MOMENTS--LET'S MAKE THEM COUNT!

YOU SEE--I'M FATHER TIME, I USUALLY DON'T TAKE TIME TO TELL THESE STORIES--BUT THIS ONE! CALLS FOR MY SPECIAL ATTENTION AND YOURS!

EVER HEAR OF UNCLE SAM AND HIS LITTLE SIDE KICK, BUDDY? HANG IT IF THOSE TWO AREN'T THE BEST FIGHTIN' PAIR A GENT EVER LAID EYES ON. YOU TAKE THIS LUGATI STORY--

"IT BEGAN WHEN THOUSANDS OF THE LITTLE YELLOW SOLDIERS SWARMED OVER A HAND FULL OF BRAVE AMERICANS ON THE ISLE OF LUGATI"...

LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT US, BOYS!

YEAH--A HUNDRED TO ONE AND THEY STILL HAD TO FIGHT IT OUT!

"...AND THE BRAVE AMERICANS WERE CAPTURED AND HERDED INTO A PRISON CAMP...THEIR FATES REMAINING A MYSTERY."

WE WON'T BE LONG BOYS--THEY'LL COME AFTER US--MAC-ARTHUR PROMISED HE WOULD COME BACK!

WHILE ACROSS THE SEA--IN EVERYTOWN, U.S.A. WE FIND---

YES--I'VE FOUND THE ISLE OF LUGATI, NOW WHAT?

GET A GOOD LOOK AT IT ON THE MAP--BECAUSE.

WE'RE GOING OVER THERE SOON!

WE'RE GOING TO LUGATI? HMM--I LEARN SOMETHING NEW EVERY DAY!

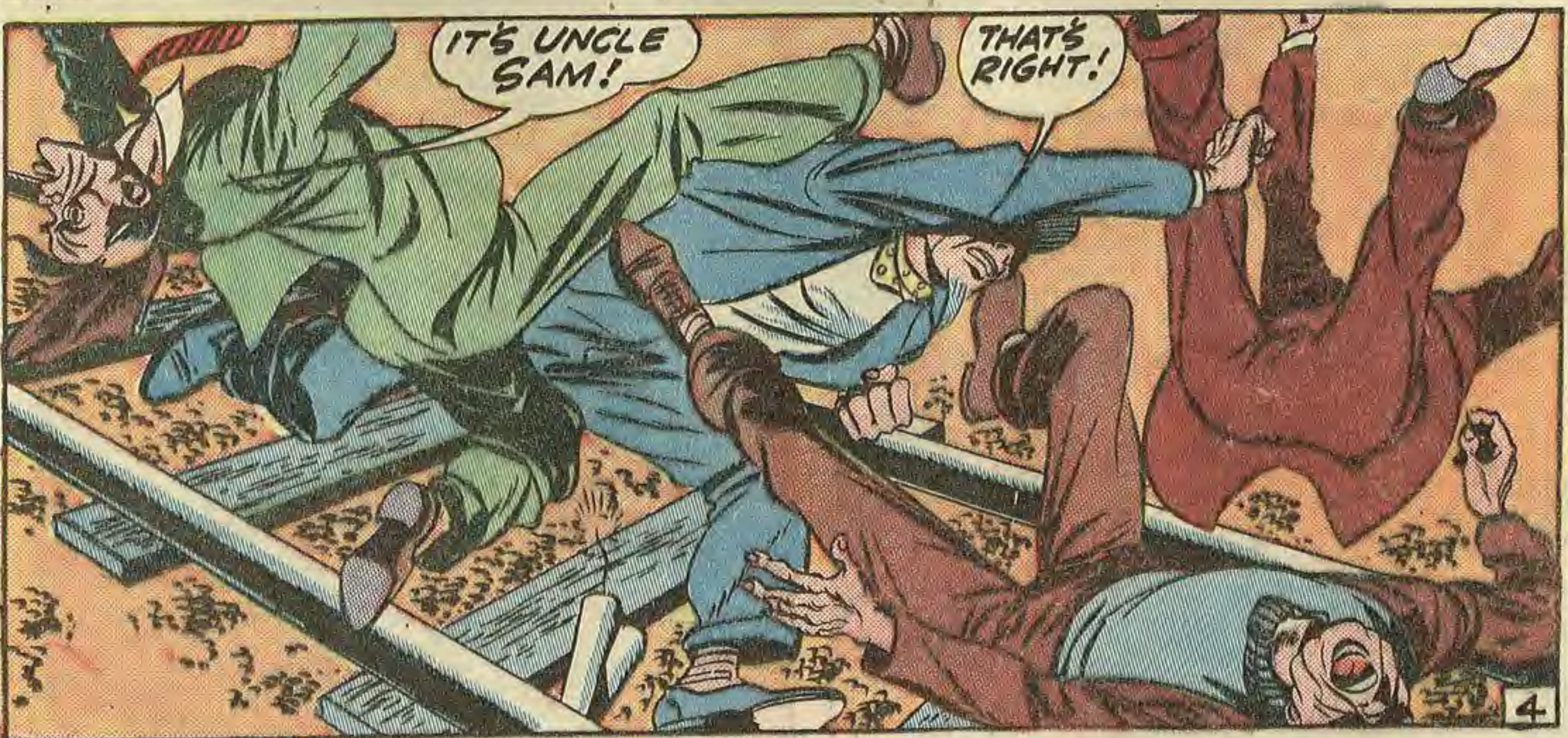
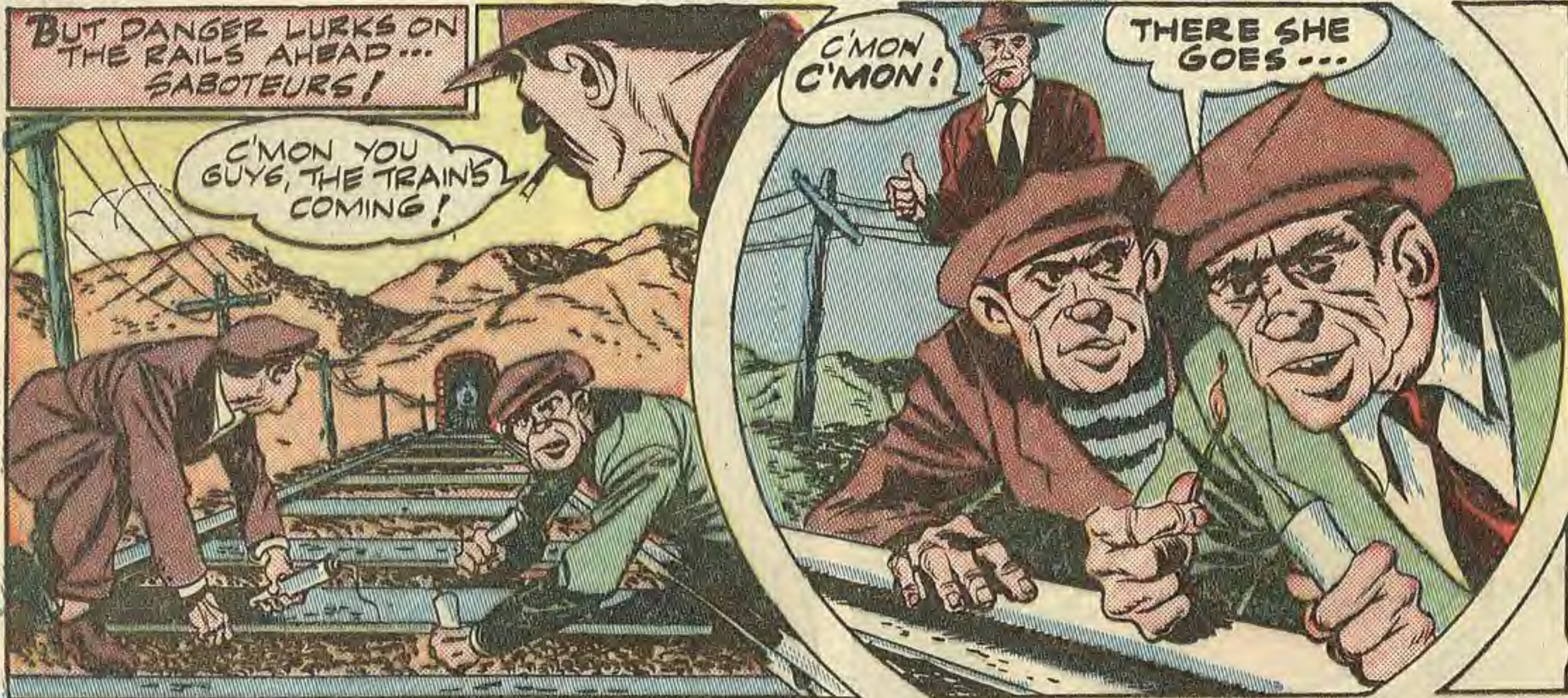
IT'S A LONG STORY, BUDDY--WRITTEN IN BLOOD, BUT I SHALL TELL YOU THIS MUCH.

THE AMERICANS WERE OUT-NUMBERED 50 TO 1--BUT THEY'RE GOING BACK AGAIN--AND WHEN THE ARMY GOES, BACK--WE'RE GOING WITH 'EM!

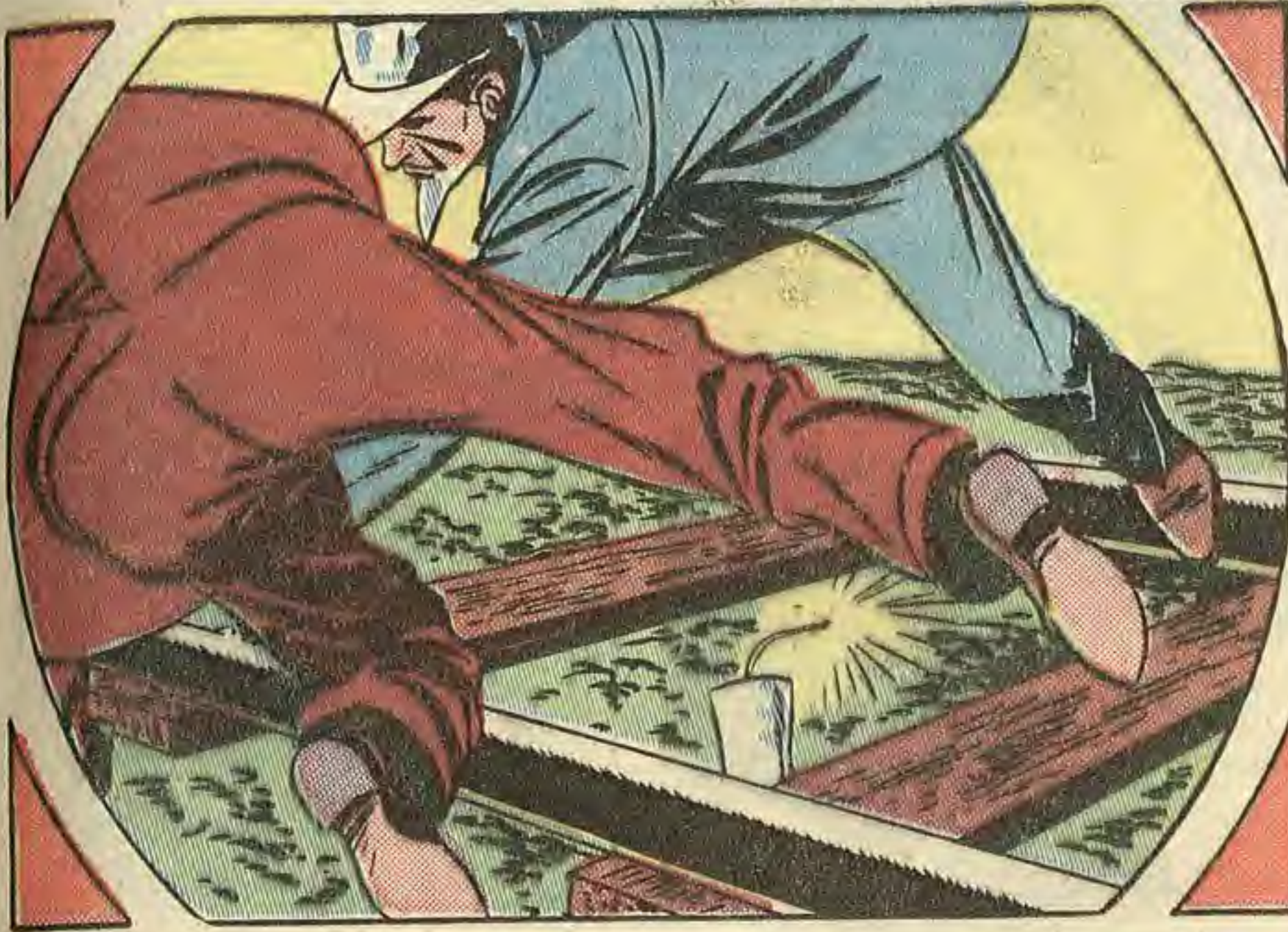






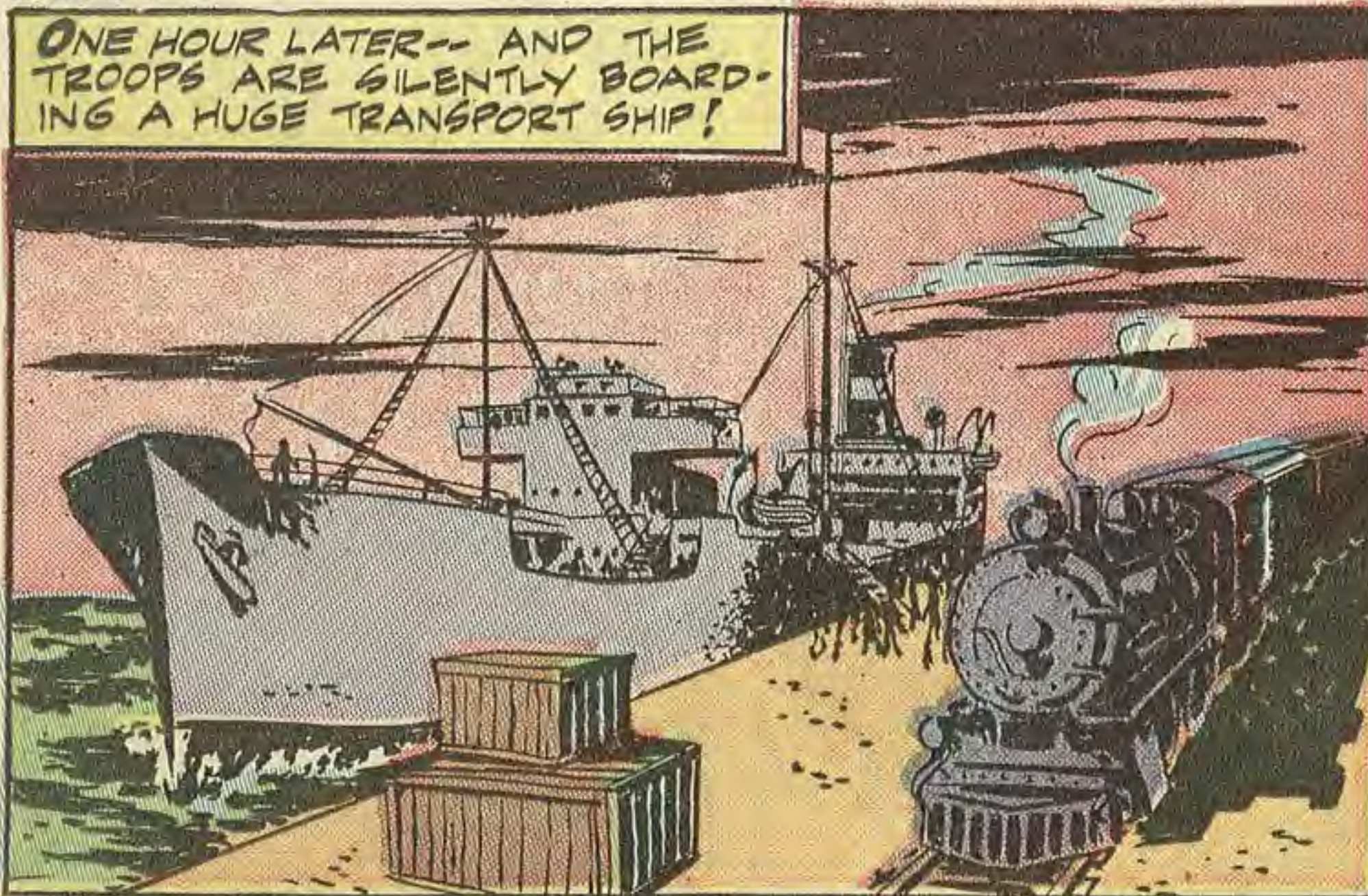








ONE HOUR LATER-- AND THE TROOPS ARE SILENTLY BOARDING A HUGE TRANSPORT SHIP!



I DON'T THINK ANYONE SAW US BOARD THIS SHIP--- BUDDY---

GOSH--THAT WAS A LOT OF SOLDIERS WHO GOT ON.



HEY, SAILOR-- WHEN WE PUSHIN' OFF?

IN ABOUT ANOTHER MINUTE-- I GUESS!

HMMM! WHO'S THE BABE?



WHEEE-E-E THAT WAS CLOSE!

AND YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN'!



PSSST! HERE COME SOME REAL SAILORS!

THEY'RE COMIN' RIGHT AT US!

TAKE YOUR STATION -- WE'RE SHOVING OFF TO SEA!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



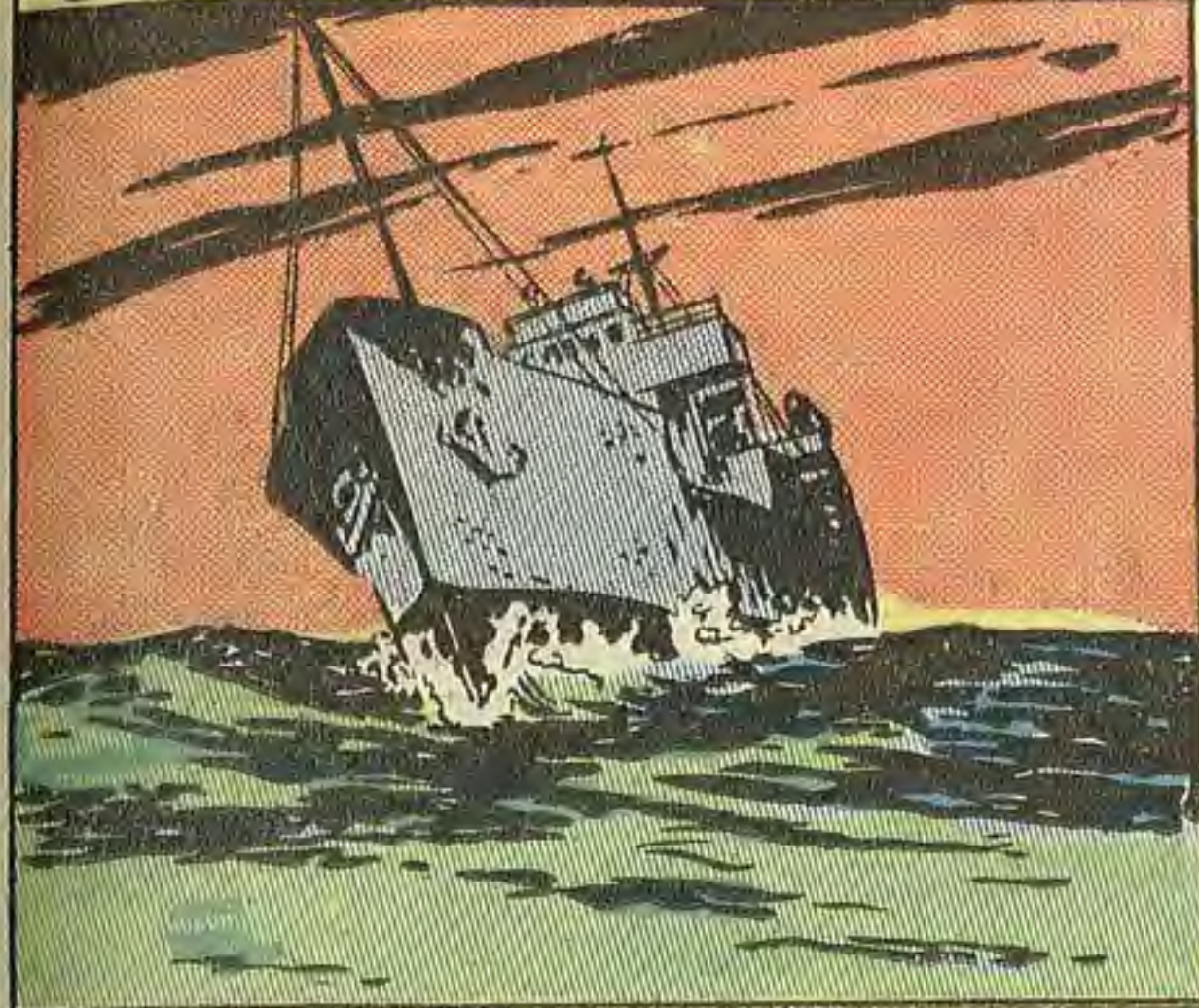
WE'RE MOVING -- HOT DOG!

NOW FOR SOME EXCITEMENT!





WITHOUT A SINGLE WARSHIP TO CONVOY HER, THE GREAT LINER PICKS HER WAY THROUGH UNCHARTED WATERS, FAR FROM THE USUAL SEA LANES....



..ON AND ON SHE GOES - FINALLY REACHING THE CALM OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC, AND ---



FINALLY THROWING ANCHOR AT A TINY ISLAND JUST TWENTY MILES OFF LUGATI ---



1. WHERE U.S. NAVAL WARSHIPS PLAN TO MEET THE TROOP SHIP.  
2. THIS IS WHERE AIRPLANE CARRIERS WILL MEET CONVOY.



WHOOPEE-- LAND AND GALS!

NOT SO LOUD, SOLDIER --- YOU WANT THE JAPS TO HEAR US TWENTY MILES AWAY!



GOSH--I CAN'T WAIT TILL I GET TO SHORE.

YEAH, ME TOO!



BOY--- LOOK AT THE WOMEN-- YIPPEE!



WHA-WH-

MMM- HAN'SUM AMERICAN! DOYA SALA GEMA!



YOU ARE YANK-- WHAT DOES YANK MEAN?

YANK? WHY BABE, IT MEANS EVERYTHING...



BUT MOST OF ALL - IT MEANS THAT THERE'S A BUNCH OF JAPS OUT IN THESE ISLANDS AND WE'RE GONNA YANK 'EM OUT!













HONORABLE GENERAL! WE HAVE AMERICAN PRISONERS. COME SEE!

HARUMPH! IT IS GOOD-- I WAS WEARY OF NO ACTION-- TOKIO EXPECTS ME TO COMMIT HARI-KARI!



GOOD-- YOU'VE CAPTURED ONE OLD MAN - A CHILD. I WILL RADIO THE NEWS TO TOKIO TONIGHT!

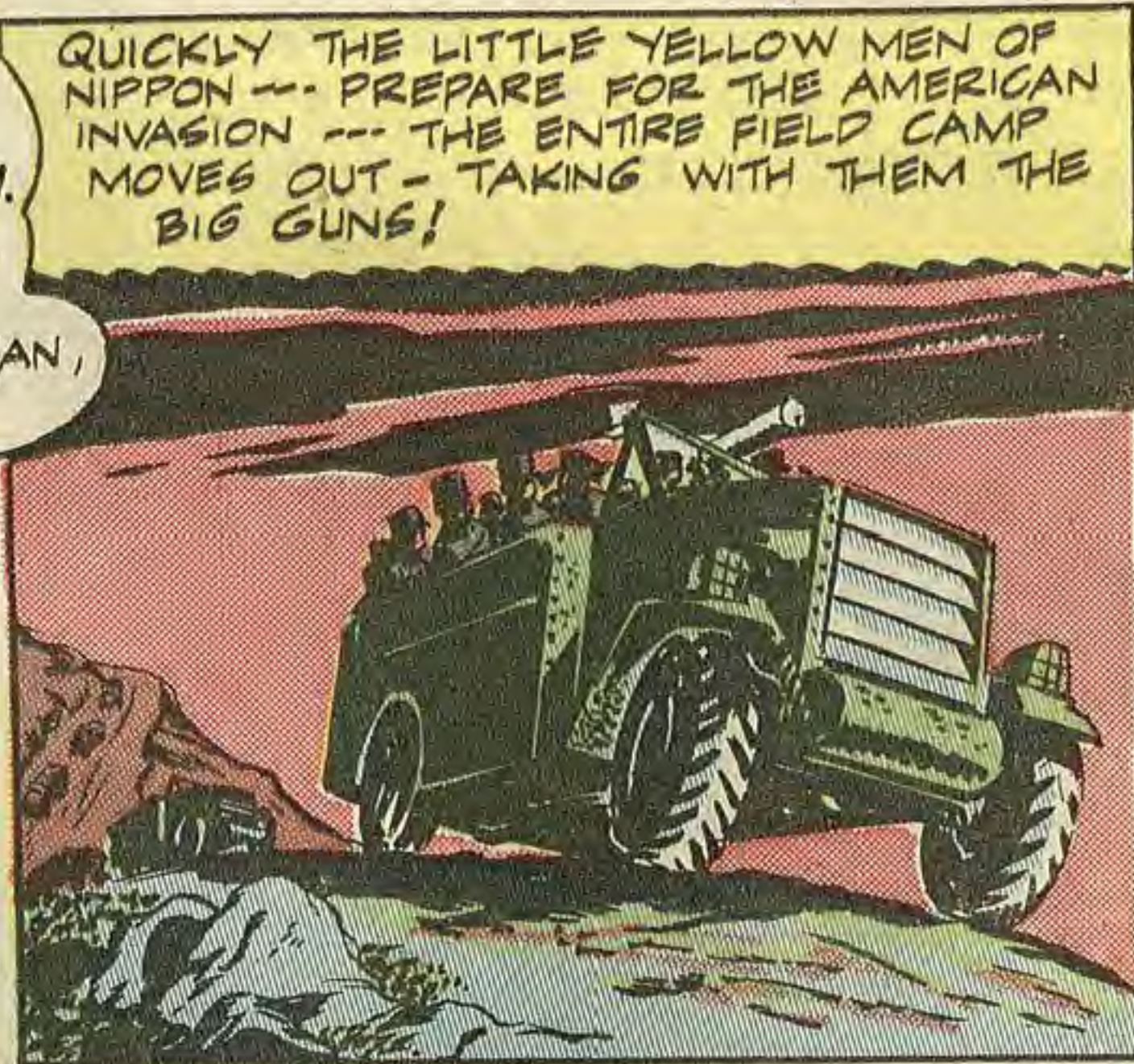


HO-HO!- SO YOU TWO CAME AS SPIES -- NO GOOD! WE DON'T LIKE SPIES!

YEAH-- THEN WHATCHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT MISTER?



WE GO TO INTER-CEPT THE FOOLISH AMERICANS WHO WOULD RAID LUGATI. THEN WE KILL YOU! SOME FUN-- AS YOU SAY IN AMERICAN, EH?



QUICKLY THE LITTLE YELLOW MEN OF NIPPON --- PREPARE FOR THE AMERICAN INVASION --- THE ENTIRE FIELD CAMP MOVES OUT - TAKING WITH THEM THE BIG GUNS!



THEY DIDN'T LEAVE ONE GUARD, BUDDY-- SO 'ERE GOES!



Now!

IN UNCLE SAM IS THE SPIRIT OF A FIGHTING PEOPLE! HIS CHEST SWELLS OUT AND THE ROPES SNAP LIKE WEAK THREADS!



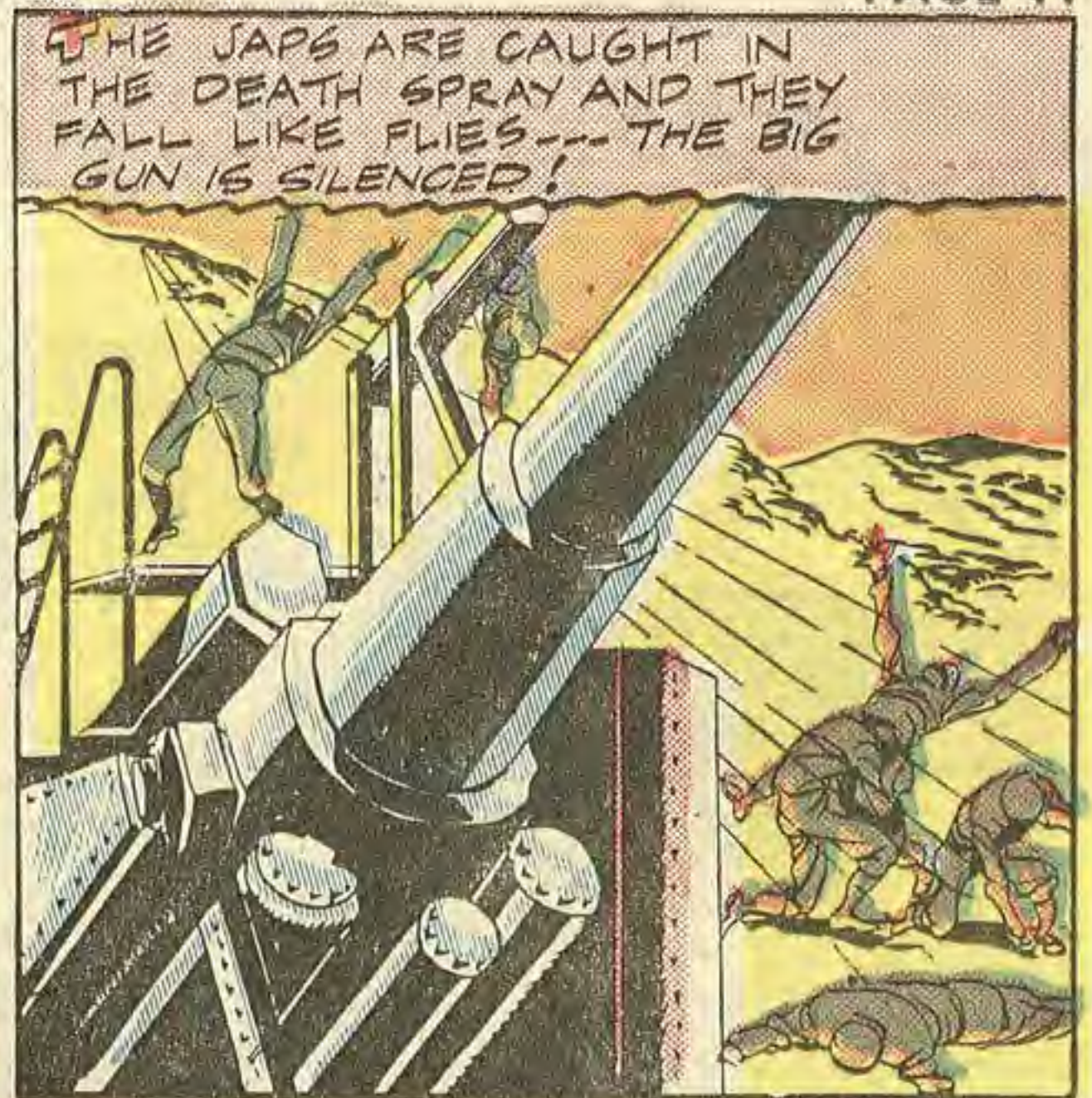
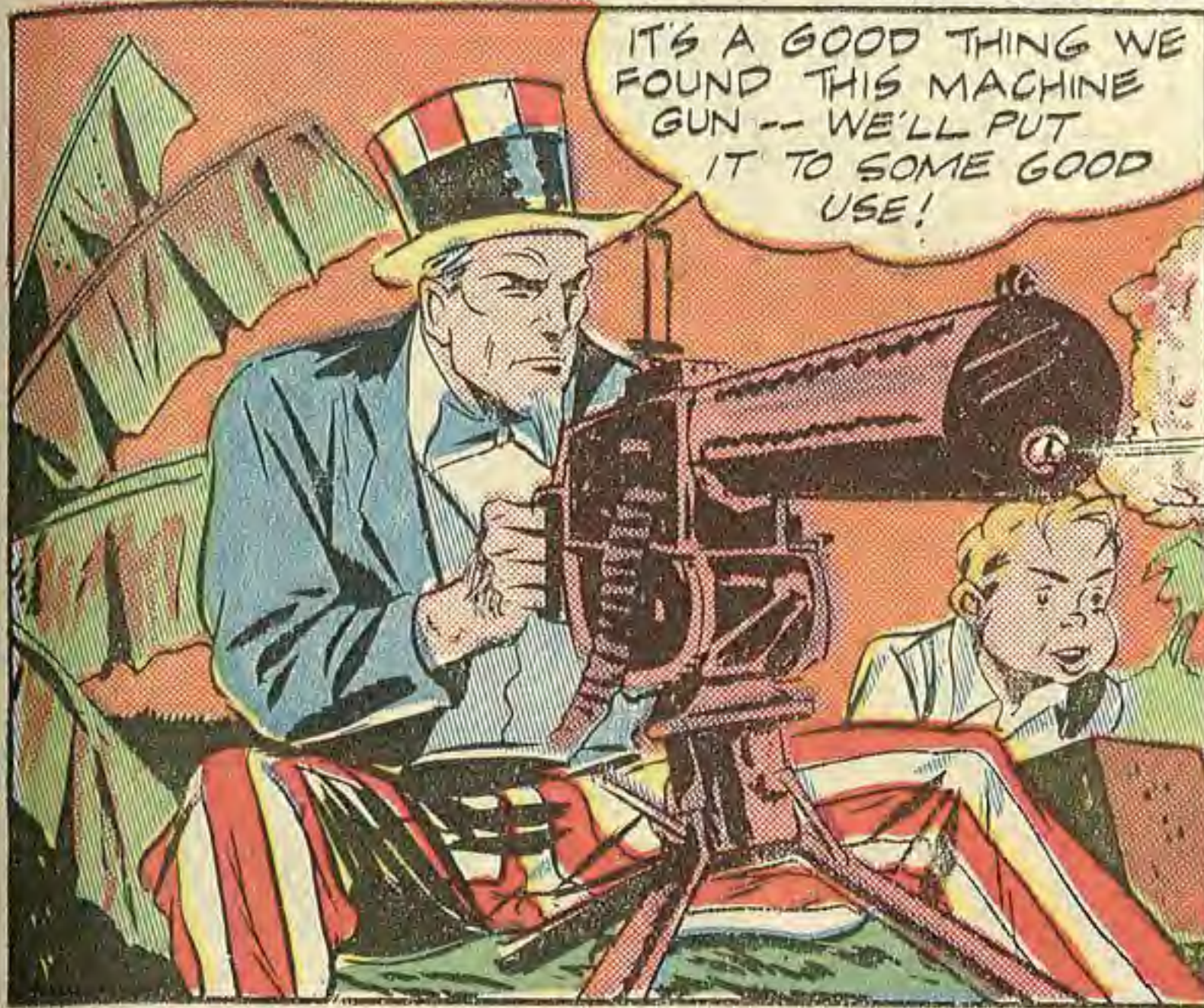
LISTEN! BOOMING GUNS-- THE YANKS ARE COMING! LET'S GET THERE QUICK! THE JAPS ARE WAITING FOR 'EM!



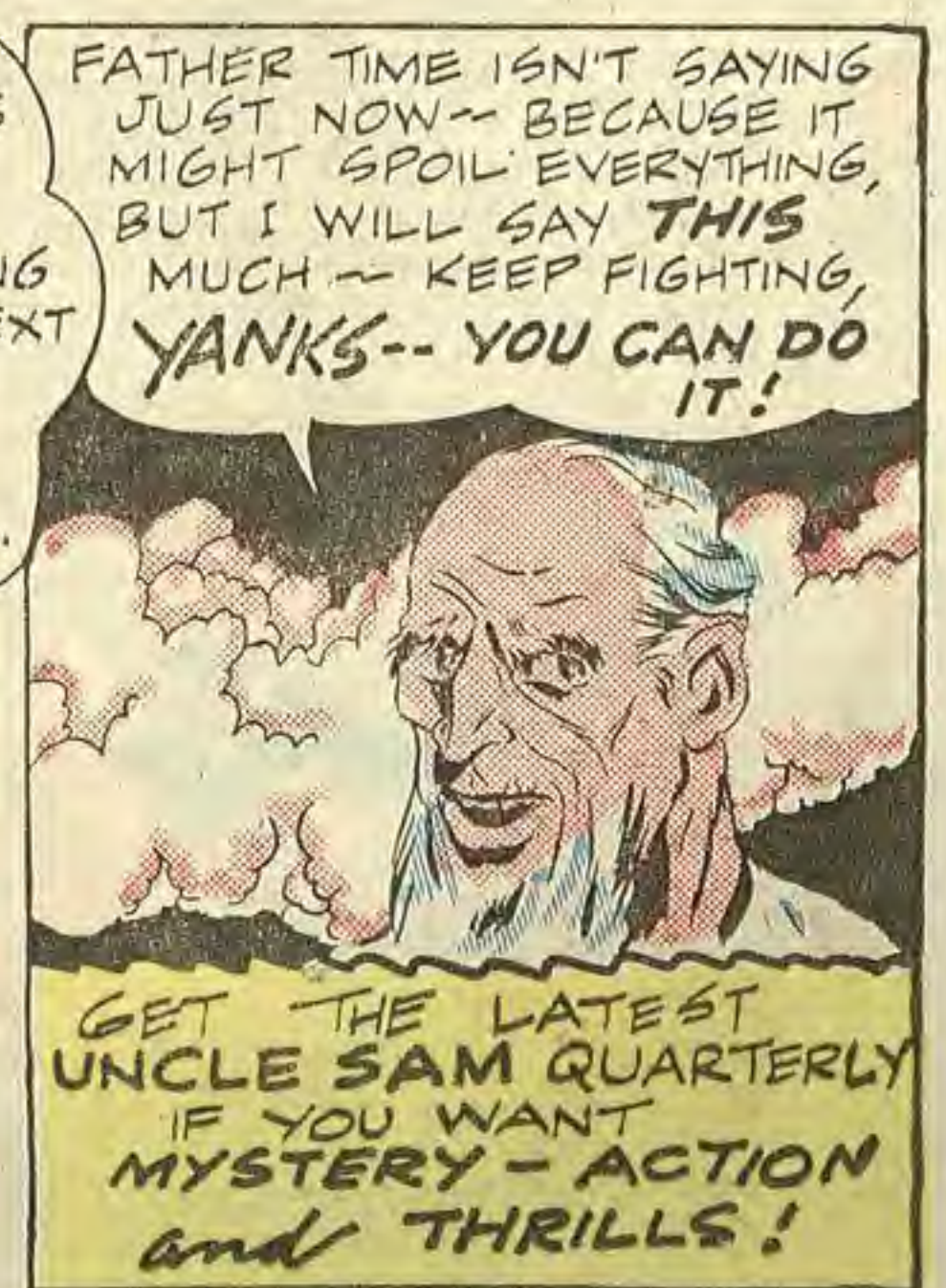
THE YANKS ARE FINDING IT TOUGH TO LAND IN THE FACE OF A TERRIFIC POUNDING BY THE LANDING BATTERY!

THAT GUN DOWN THERE, IT'S PREVENTING THE LANDING - WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT!





YEAH-- AND WE DON'T WANT THEM TO KNOW WE DIDN'T PAY FOR THE RIDE OVER -- HUH?











By Bob Reynolds



C'MON, STEP ON IT, CHAMP! STOP TRYIN' A BE A FANCY DAN!



I HAVE DECIDED, MY DEAR TOPPS, TO GIVE UP MY FORMER BOISTEROUS ATTITUDE AN' ACT LIKE A GENTLEMAN AN' A SCHOLAR, IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN ....



THERE ARE FINER THINGS IN LIFE THAN BRUTE PHYSICAL POWER, TOPPSY... AH, HERE IS CLARISSA, MY GUIDIN' STAR!



DO YOU NOT KNOW HOW T' GREET A LADY?



IT IS CLEAR YOU NEED SCHOOLIN'...



...IN'A ART O' GENTLE-MANLY CONDUCT!

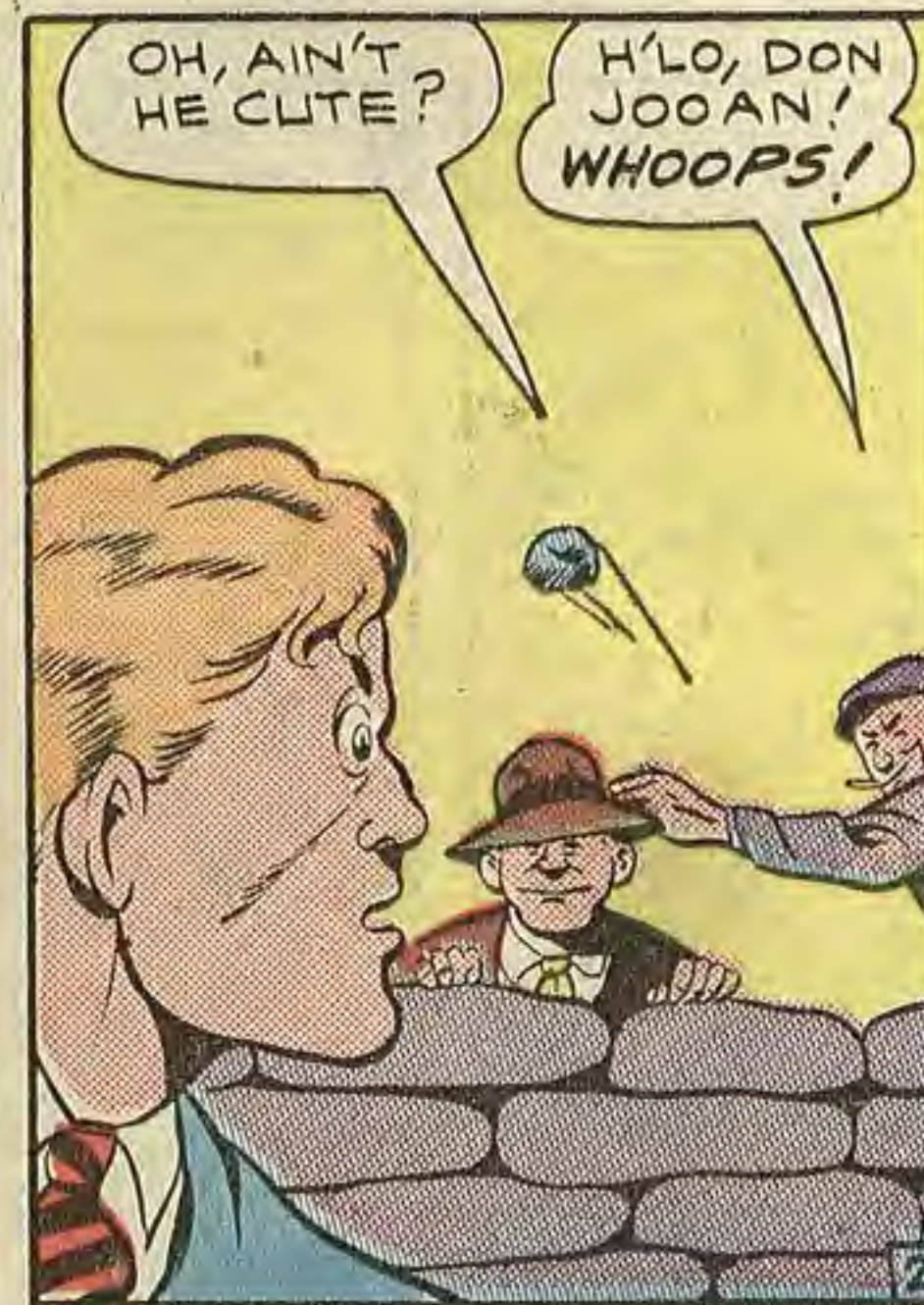
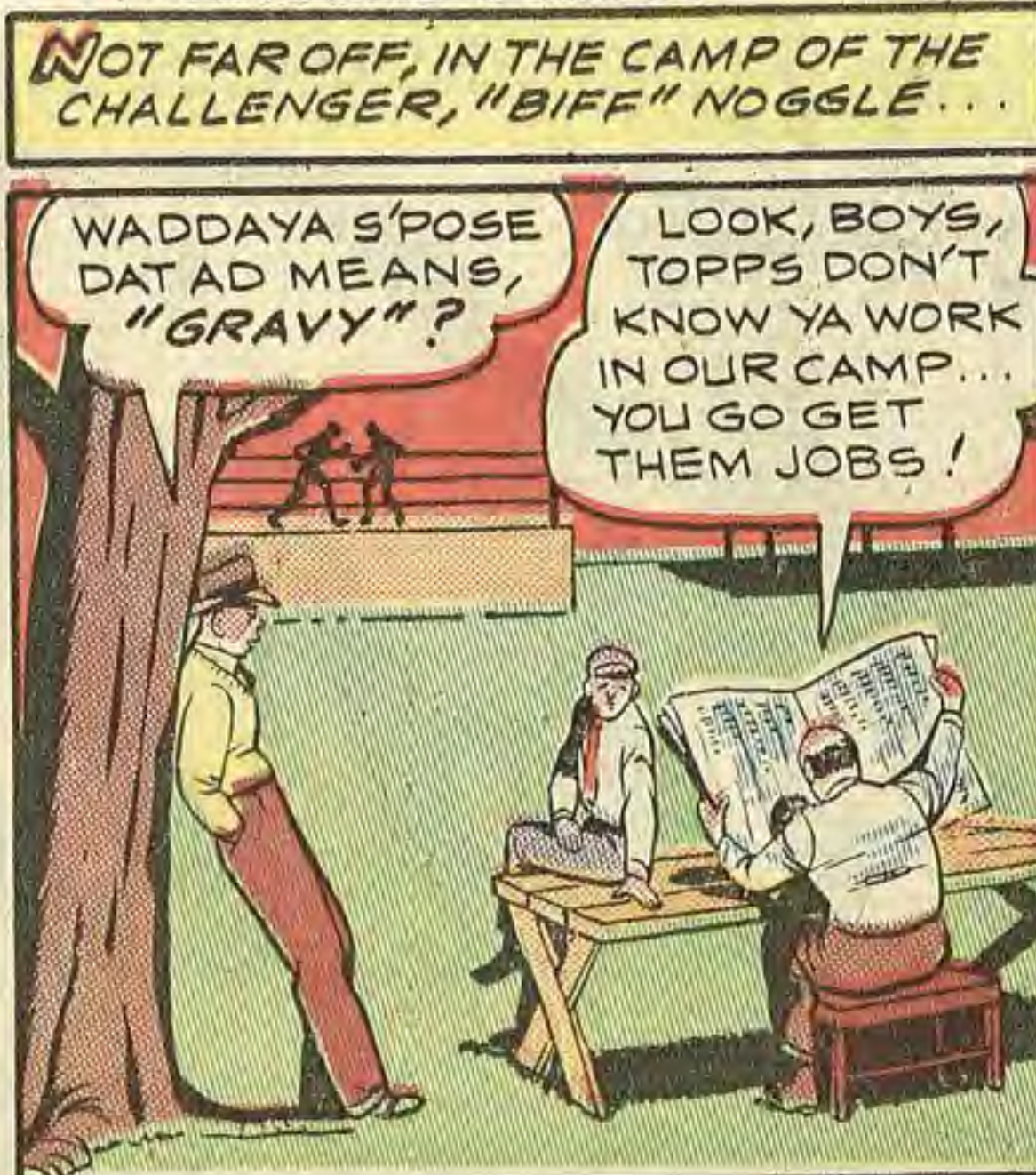


CLARISSA, YA SEE, IS BEEN A GOOD INFLUENCE ON ME!



WH @!!\*!!... SOMETIMES I... BRRR... HE AIN'T GONNA GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL FIX THAT!

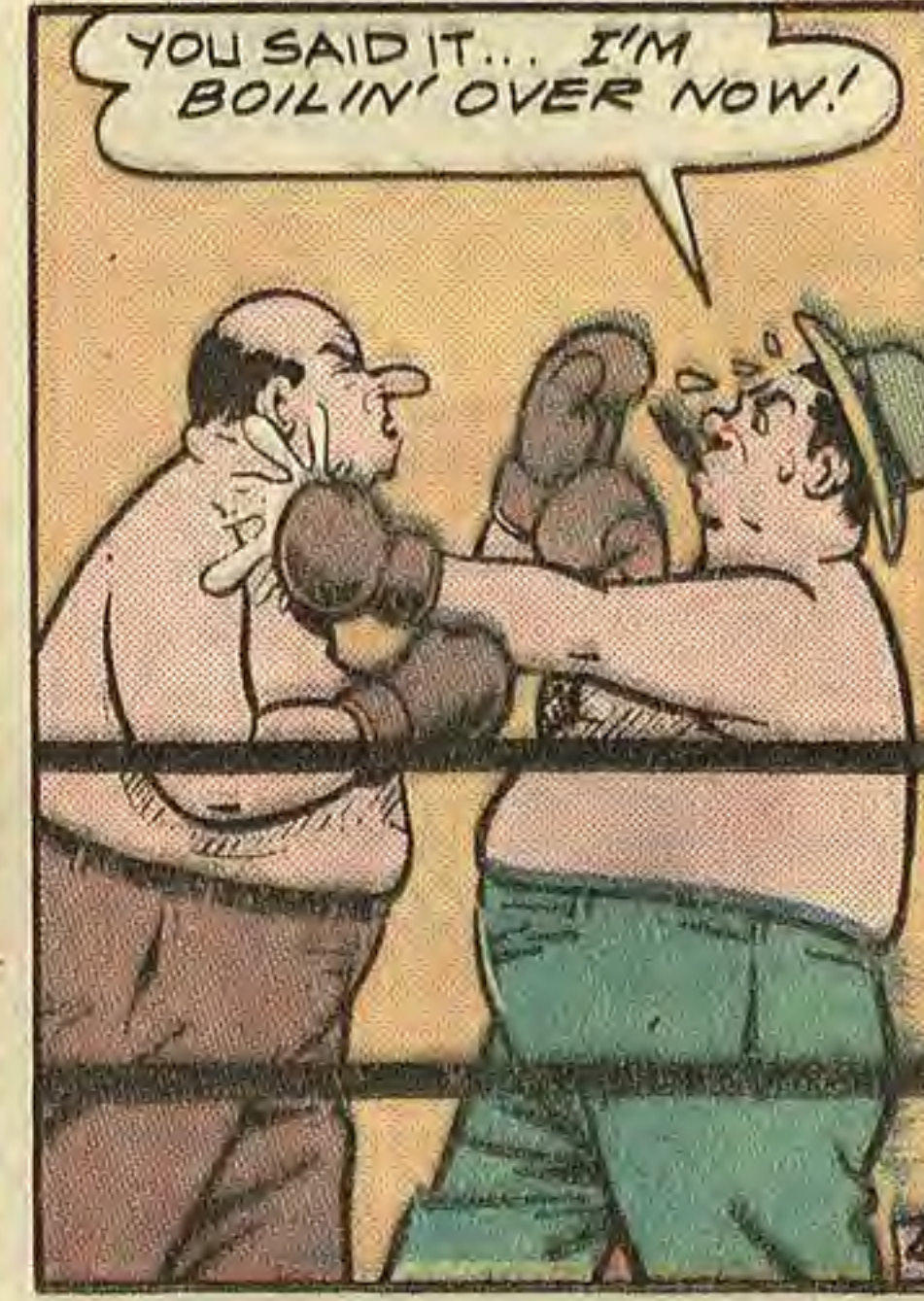




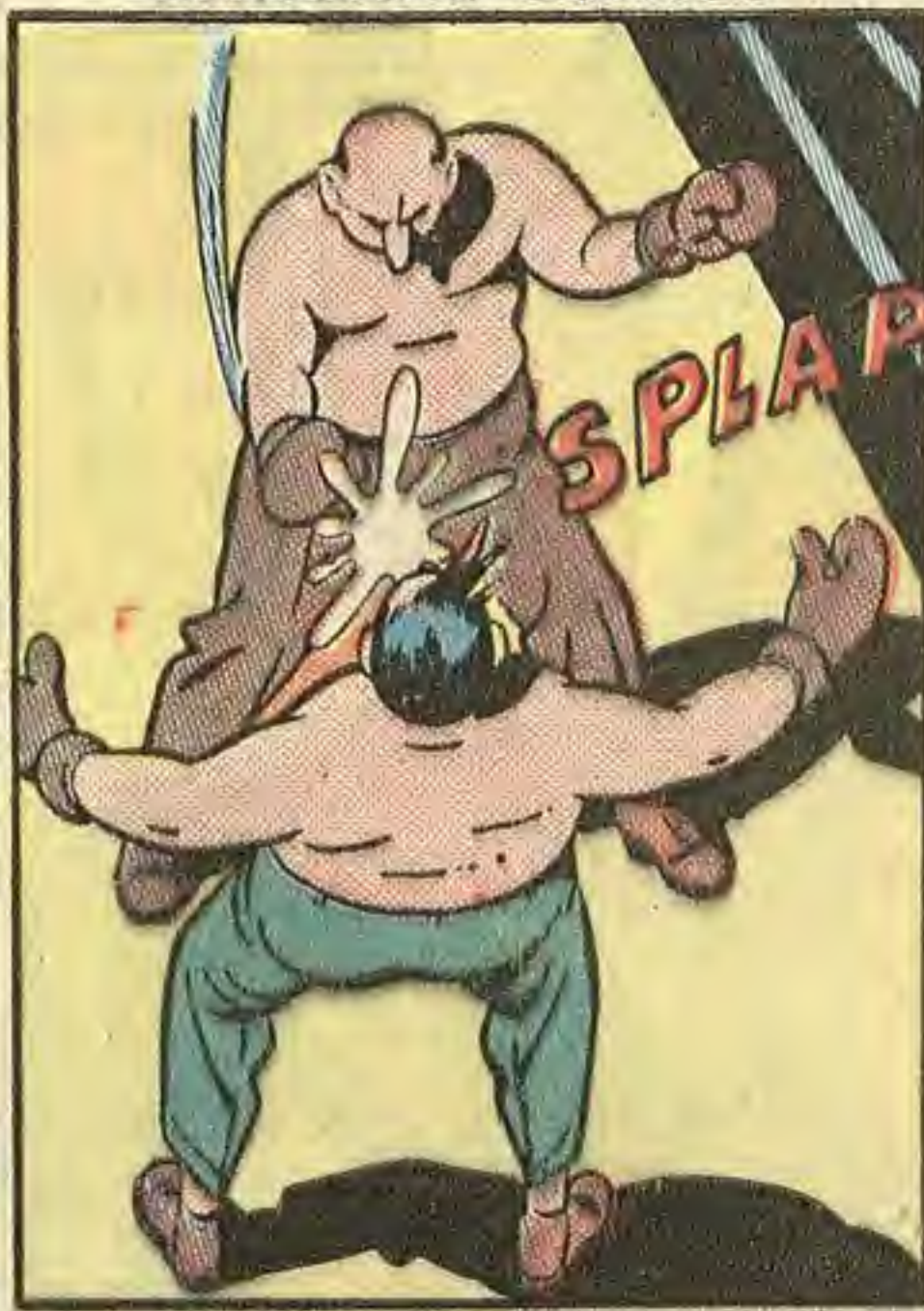














# The UNKNOWN

By  
CHAS.  
SULTAN.

THE  
RUSSIAN  
ARMY  
HAD TO  
HAVE THAT  
SUPPLY  
TRAIN OR  
GO DOWN  
TO DEFEAT.  
EVERYTHING  
THAT  
UNKNOWN  
DID SEEMED  
CRAZY, AND  
SCREWY  
BUT THE  
TWO ADDED  
TOGETHER  
SPELLED  
SUCCESS!

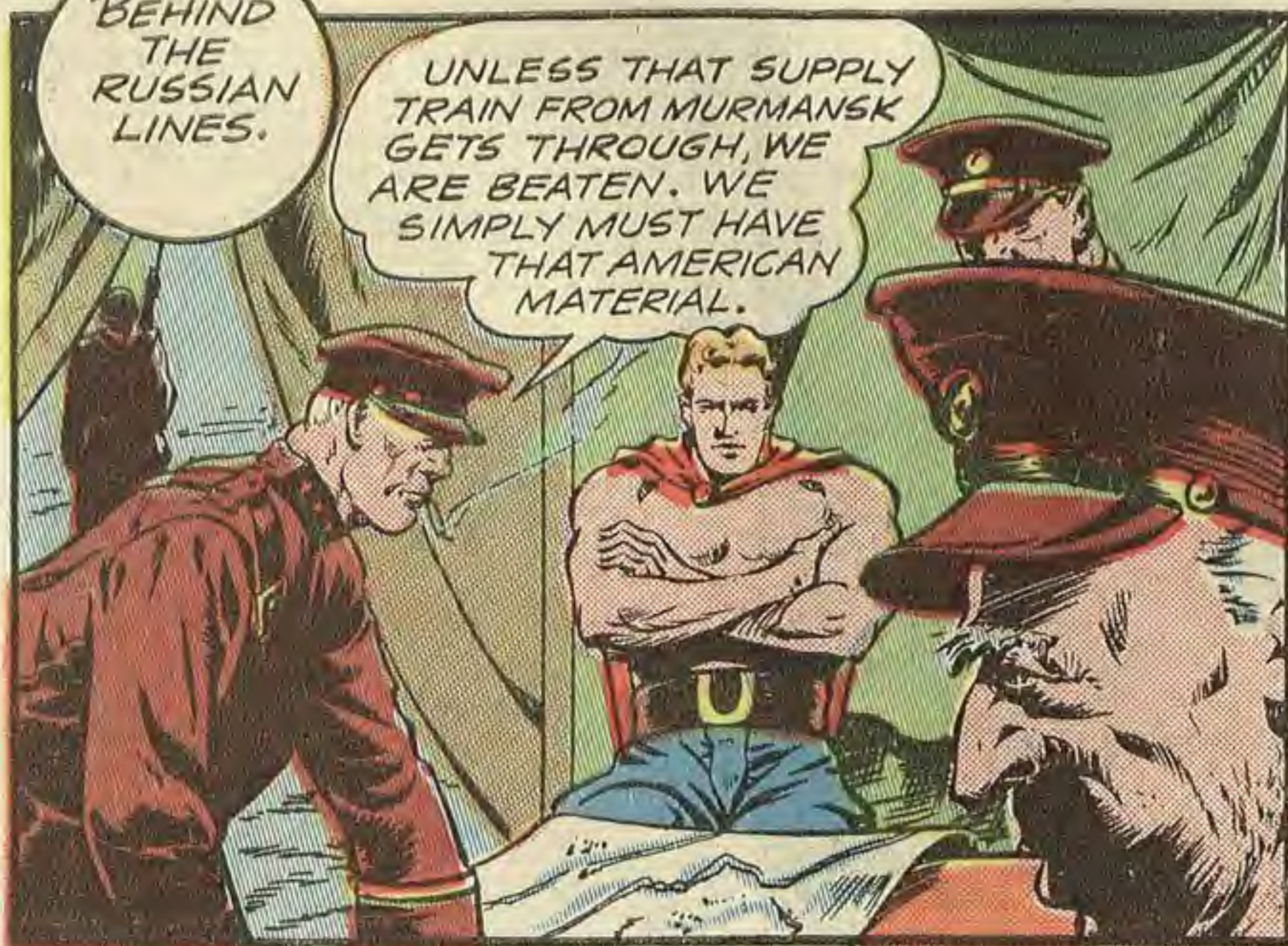


IF YOU  
WILL LEND  
ME A PLANE,  
GENERAL,  
I CAN GET  
THAT TRAIN  
THROUGH!

YOU ARE VERY  
KIND, UNKNOWN,  
AND I APPRECIATE  
YOUR SPIRIT,  
BUT THIS WOULD  
REQUIRE AN  
ARMY, AND WE  
HAVEN'T ONE  
TO SPARE AT  
THE PRESENT  
TIME.

BEHIND  
THE  
RUSSIAN  
LINES.

UNLESS THAT SUPPLY  
TRAIN FROM MURMANSK  
GETS THROUGH, WE  
ARE BEATEN. WE  
SIMPLY MUST HAVE  
THAT AMERICAN  
MATERIAL.







Bsssss!  
Bsssss!



THIS IS THE MOST IMPOSSIBLE PLAN I HAVE YET HEARD. BUT HERE IS MY HAND. YOU MAY SUCCEED. NO ONE ELSE COULD TAKE THE PLANE!

GENERAL, YOU ALWAYS HAVE BEEN A FLATTERER.



GOOD LUCK, YOU YANKEE DAREDEVIL.

WHEN YOU SEE ME AGAIN, GENERAL, I'LL BE BRINGING THAT SUPPLY TRAIN IN.



THERE GOES A LONE RUSSKY.

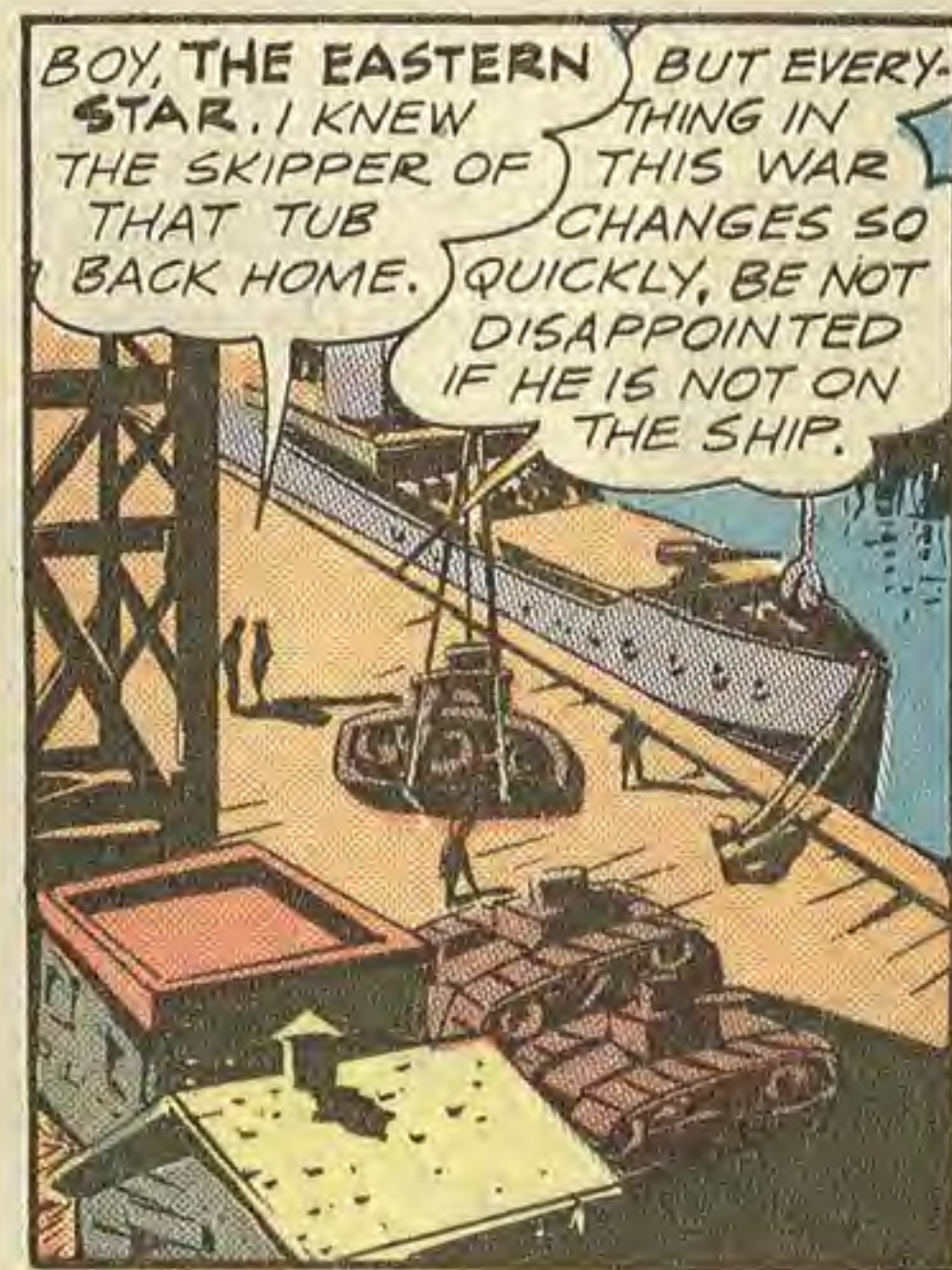
LEAVE HIM ALONE. WE HAVE ORDERS NOT TO STIR UNTIL WE GET WORD ABOUT THAT SUPPLY TRAIN.



UNKNOWN ARRIVES AT MURMANSK.

UNKNOWN, WE RECEIVED ORDERS ABOUT YOU FROM GENERAL TIMODENKO.

FINE, THEN I'LL GET RIGHT TO WORK.



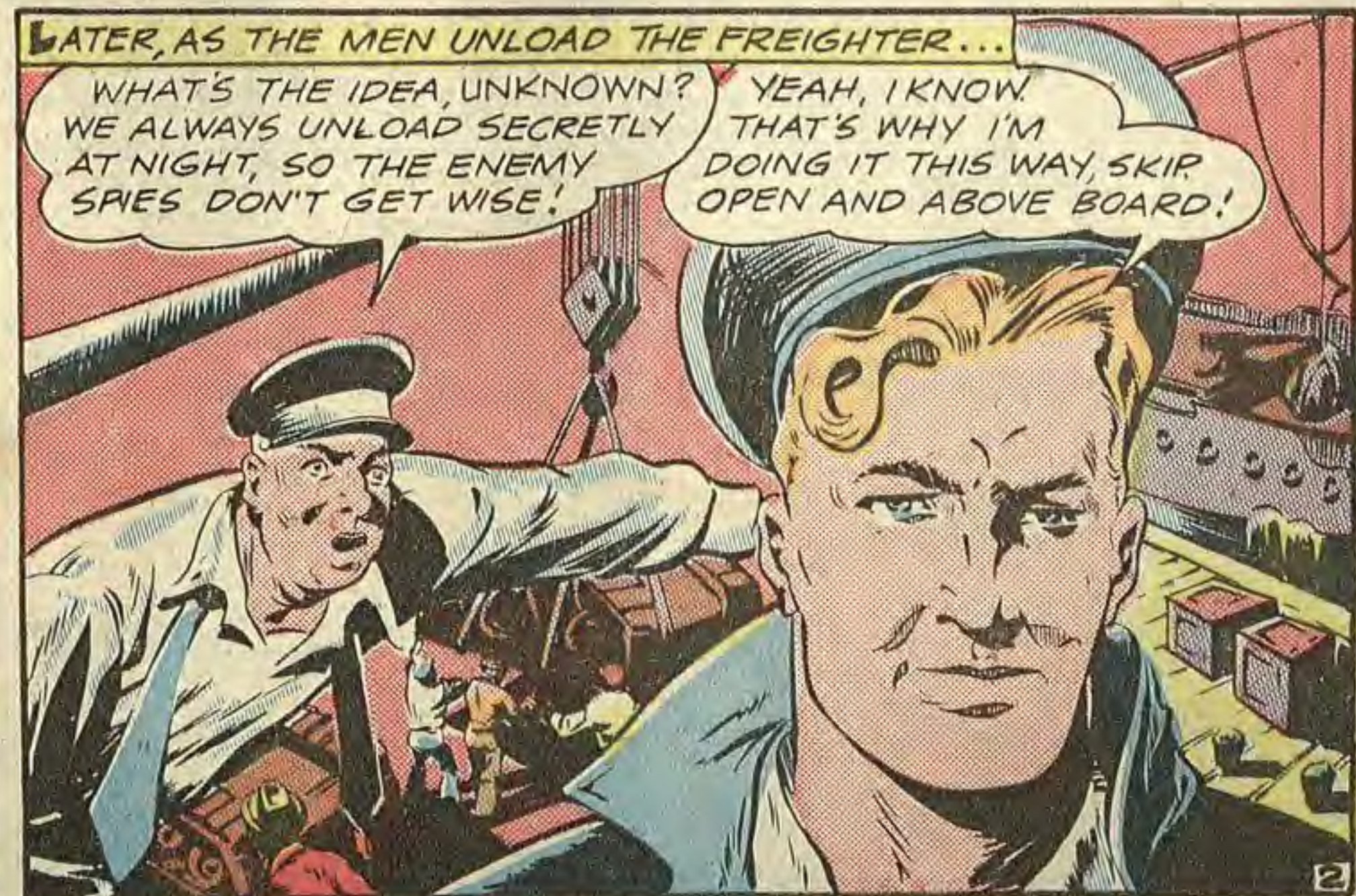
BOY, THE EASTERN STAR. I KNEW THE SKIPPER OF THAT TUB BACK HOME.

BUT EVERYTHING IN THIS WAR CHANGES SO QUICKLY. BE NOT DISAPPOINTED IF HE IS NOT ON THE SHIP.



WE'LL BLOW ME DOWN, IF IT AIN'T UNKNOWN, IN PERSON. HOW ARE YOU, M'LAD?

HI YA, SKIP? HOW'S THE GOOD OLD U.S.A.?



LATER, AS THE MEN UNLOAD THE FREIGHTER...

WHAT'S THE IDEA, UNKNOWN? WE ALWAYS UNLOAD SECRETLY AT NIGHT, SO THE ENEMY SPIES DON'T GET WISE!

YEAH, I KNOW. THAT'S WHY I'M DOING IT THIS WAY, SKIP. OPEN AND ABOVE BOARD!

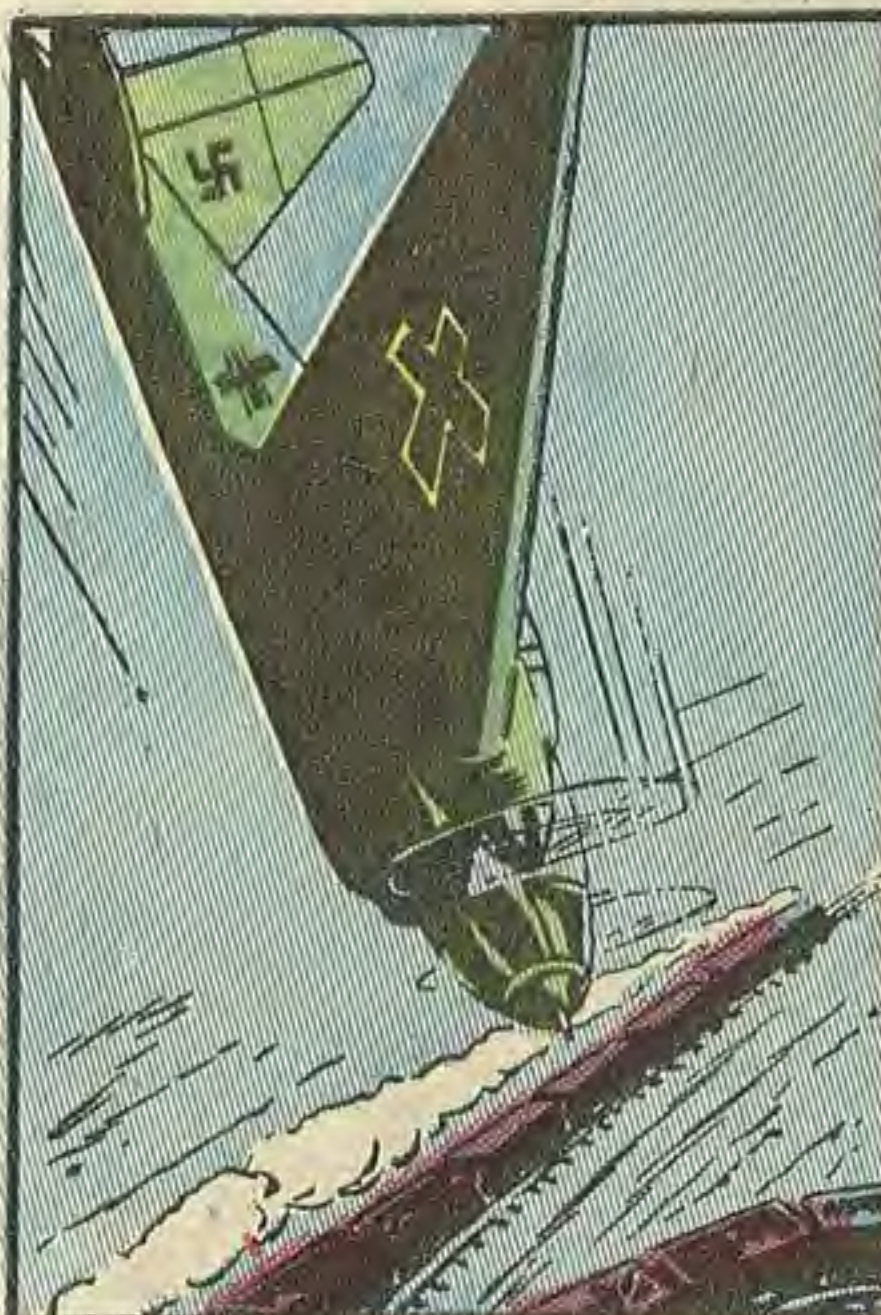
















HERE IS UNKNOWN WITH THE SUPPLIES. WE ARE SAVED, SAVED!

WAIT A MINUTE, GENERAL, THIS LOOKS LIKE A DUMMY TRAIN. SEE THOSE WOODEN CANNONS?



BRAVO, BRAVO! YOUR CRAZY SCHEME WORKED.

WELL, HERE'S ALL THE STUFF YOU WANTED, GENERAL. NOW LET ME USE ANOTHER PLANE. I'VE GOT A LITTLE SCORE TO SETTLE BACK IN MURMANSK.

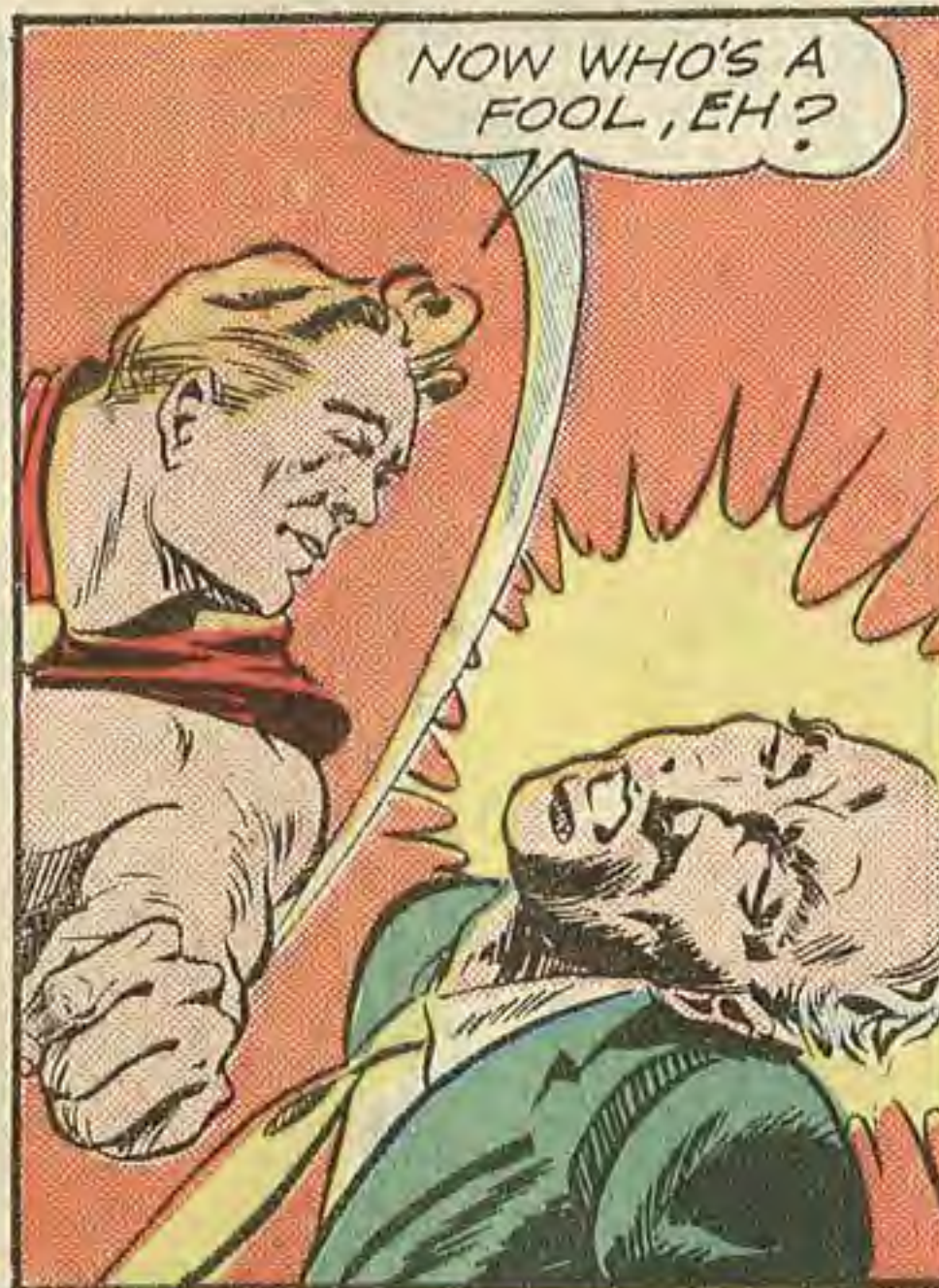


BACK IN MURMANSK.... HERE'S TO ANINKA, X 19, THE CLEVEREST OPERATOR IN THE WHOLE REICH'S SPY SYSTEM.

AND HERE'S TO THAT AMERICAN FOOL. I WONDER IF I'LL EVER SEE HIM AGAIN.



YOU'RE SEEING HIM RIGHT NOW!



NOW WHO'S A FOOL, EH?



HERE'S ONE ON ACCOUNT!



WELL HERE YOU BOYS. HELP YOURSELF. A PERFECT OGPU SET UP. WHAT A SAP YOU WERE, SISTER, TO GET ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FENCE... LIFE COULD HAVE BEEN SO SWEET FOR YOU.



I HEARD YOU WERE HERE, UNKNOWN. FOR PETE'S SAKE DON'T GET STEWED AGAIN.

DON'T BE A SAP, SKIP. I NEVER HAD A DRINK IN MY LIFE. THAT WAS ALL PART OF MY ACT, AND I JUST PLAYED AN ENCORE. I WISH WOMEN, ESPECIALLY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, WOULD KEEP OUT OF THIS WAR MESS. I SURE DO.



# SALLY O'NEIL

POLICE WOMAN

HILARY CROMWELL KNEW HE WAS GOING TO DIE. SO HE MADE A VOW TO RETURN AND DESTROY THE GHOULS WHO WAITED AT HIS DEATH BED. DID HE RETURN? THAT WAS FOR SALLY O'NEIL TO DECIDE, AND THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY ... SHE HAD TO MAKE A CORPSE SCREAM! YOU'LL FEEL LIKE SCREAMING YOURSELF, AS YOU READ.

**"THE CASE OF THE SCREAMING CORPSE"**



**IN THE CASE OF THE SCREAMING CORPSE**













**SALLY ONEIL IS ASSIGNED TO THE CASE...**

I'M FROM HEAD-QUARTERS. SOME-ONE PHONED AND SAID THERE'D BEEN A MURDER IN THIS HOUSE!

COME IN PLEASE!

I'M DOCTOR GAULT! HILARY CROMWELL'S PERSONAL PHYSICIAN! OR I SHOULD SAY I WAS HIS PHYSICIAN!

THEN CROMWELL'S BEEN MURDERED?

OH, NO! THE DEAD MAN IS NAMED GREGORY HANSEN! HE WAS A DISTANT RELATIVE!... HE DIED OF STRANGULATION!

HANSEN'S BEEN MURDERED ALL-RIGHT... AND YOU SAY NO ONE WAS IN THE ROOM?

NO ONE BUT HIM! AND HE'S DEAD!

HMMM... THERE ISN'T ANY PULSE BEAT! IT'S CERTAIN HE DIDN'T DO IT!

WHAT WAS HANSEN DOING IN THAT ROOM... ALONE WITH A DEAD MAN?

I CAN EXPLAIN! THAT WAS HILARY CROMWELL'S LAST WISH! HANSEN WAS MERELY OBEYING THE INSTRUCTIONS IN THE WILL!

IT'S TIME FOR THE NEXT ONE TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE ROOM... OR FORFEIT HIS SHARE OF THE WILL!

-I'LL GO! I MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH!

I FEEL SAFER NOW THAT SOMEONE FROM THE POLICE IS HERE! YOU'LL BE RIGHT OUT HERE, WON'T YOU?

I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE UNTIL I FIND OUT WHO KILLED GREGORY HANSEN! YOU CAN BET ON THAT!







**GARRIE FROMSEN SEES THE MURDERED MAN...**

**EVAR!... HE'S DEAD! OLD HILARY GOT HIM TOO!**

**PERHAPS! AND PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY HIS FEAR OF HIS FATHER THAT MADE HIM THINK HILARY DID IT!**

 A woman with blonde hair, Garrie Fromsen, is shown in profile, looking surprised and holding her hand to her mouth. She is wearing a yellow dress. A police officer with dark hair and a blue uniform is looking at her.

**SALLY PUTS THROUGH A CALL TO THE POLICE CORONER...**

**GET OUT HERE RIGHT AWAY! THERE'S BEEN TWO MURDERS! AND THERE MAY BE ANOTHER-- UNLESS YOU CAN FIND SOME WAY TO ARREST A DEAD MAN!**

 A woman with dark hair, Sally, is shown from the chest up, looking concerned while talking on a telephone. She is wearing a blue top.

**KNIFE STRIKES TOWARD SALLY'S UNDEFENDED BACK...**

 A close-up of a hand holding a knife, ready to strike. The background is dark and shadowy.

**OH!**

 A man in a blue suit is shown from the back, looking startled with his arms outstretched. In the background, a woman in a blue uniform is visible.

**A JUDO TRICK NEATLY TURNS THE TABLES!**

**SO YOU'VE FINALLY SHOWED YOUR HAND!**

 A large, muscular man in a red suit is performing a judo throw on a smaller man in a blue suit. The smaller man is on the ground, looking up in surprise.

**NOW HERE'S WHERE I SHOW YOU MY FIST!**

 A man in a blue suit is shown from the side, looking down at a man lying on the floor. The man on the floor is wearing a red suit.

**OH-W!**

**SPLAT!**

 A man in a blue suit is shown from the back, being hit by a large, red, rectangular object. The impact is shown with stars and motion lines.



**THE CRUEL BLOW STUNS SALLY ... AND WHEN SHE RECOVERS ...**



**THE SOUND OF FIGHTING ATTRACTS OTHERS ...**







THAT'S YOUR SECOND WRONG GUESS!



AND TWO STRIKES ARE OUT IN THIS LEAGUE!



LATER, WHEN THE POLICE HAVE COME AND GONE...

WELL, THAT'S THAT! NOW I'LL MAKE OUT MY REPORT AND FINISH UP THIS CASE FOR GOOD!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY SO EASILY! YOU'VE GOT TO ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS... HOW DID YOU KNOW HILARY CROMWELL WAS STILL ALIVE?



I RECOGNIZED THE SYMPTOMS OF CATALEPSY! THAT'S A FORM OF COMPLETE PARALYSIS IN WHICH THE NORMAL MUSCULAR FUNCTIONS ARE MISSING! EVEN THE HEART SLOWS UP TO A POINT WHERE MOST PEOPLE ARE FOOLED INTO THINKING THE PATIENT IS DEAD!



HILARY AND HIS DOCTOR WORKED UP THIS FOOLPROOF SCHEME FOR GETTING RID OF THE RELATIVES HE DESPISED! HILARY PROMISED THE DOCTOR A FORTUNE... I WONDER WHETHER HE WOULD HAVE KEPT HIS PROMISE!



WHAT PUZZLED ME WAS HOW HILARY COULD HAVE KILLED HIS RELATIVES WHILE IN A CATALEPTIC TRANCE! BUT HE DIDN'T KILL THEM!... THIS GLASS OF WATER AT HIS BED SIDE GAVE THE ANSWER! IT WAS FILLED WITH DREI, A RARE POISON THAT CAUSES STRANGULATION BY CLOGGING THE THROAT!

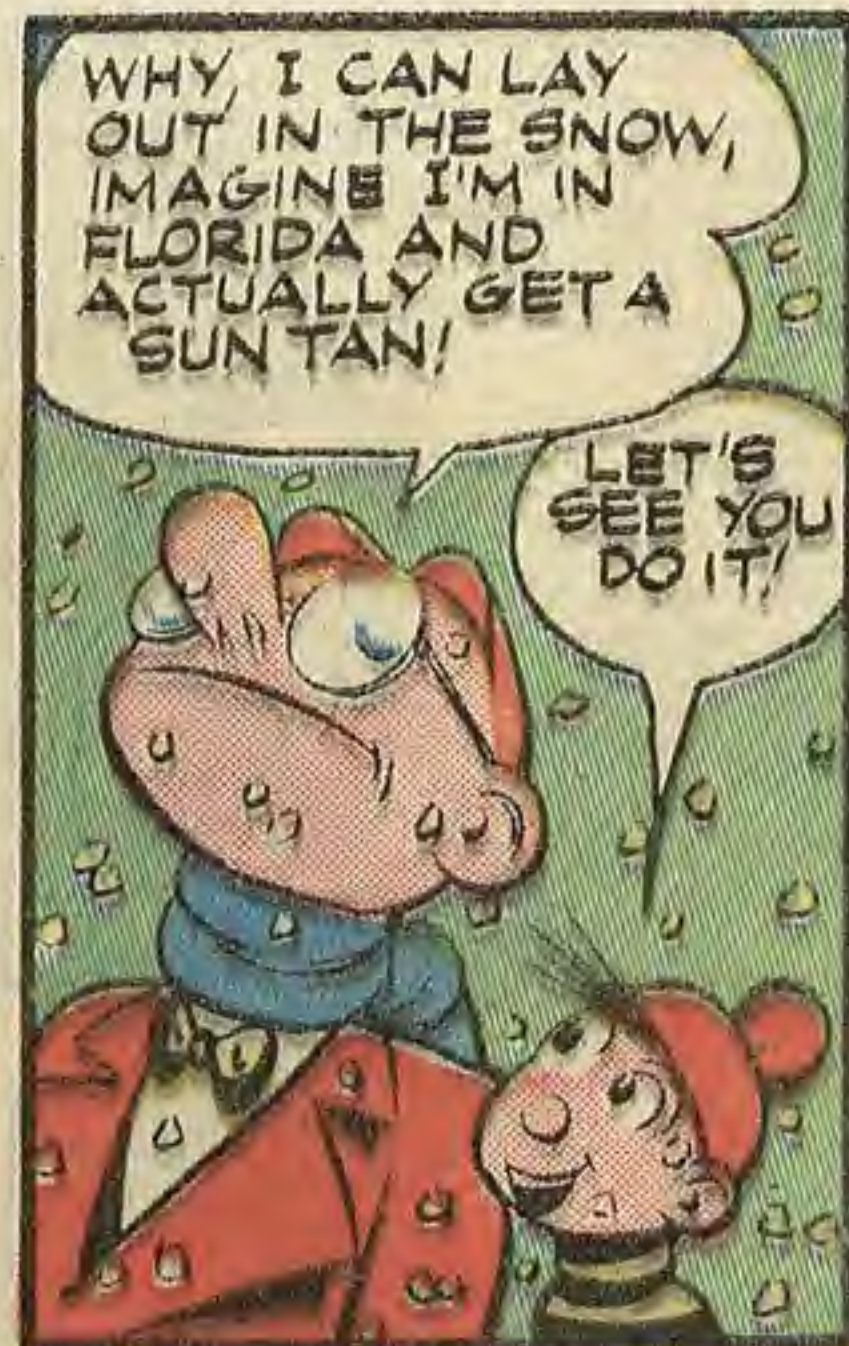


I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

DON'T TRY! THIS IS ALL PART OF A POLICE-WOMAN'S JOB! BUT I'LL ADMIT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I EVER HAD TO DEAL WITH A CORPSE THAT SCREAMED!



# WINDY BREEZE





# G-2

The U.S. INTELLIGENCE  
DEPARTMENT HAS MANY HEROES  
AMONG ITS MEMBERS... BUT  
ONE OUTSTANDING INDIVIDUAL,  
DON LEASH, BECOMES THE  
DREADED G-2, SCOURGE OF  
ALL ENEMIES OF  
AMERICA...

by  
RUBIMOR

CASE # 2  
BOMBERS OVER  
NEW YORK









The monstrous  
Submarine ascends  
to the Surface...



I...I..WON'T  
TELL YOU!  
--I WONT..

ULPS! GOTHRO  
DREAM MAN  
COME BACK  
TO LIFE!



FOOL! ..HE'S  
STILL ALIVE!



GOTHRO  
FINISH HIM  
GOOD THIS  
TIME!

WAIT!..  
HE'S  
TALKING!

MINES  
IN NEW  
YORK HARBOR..  
BUT YOU  
CAN'T MAKE  
ME TELL!

SHH! HE'S  
KNOCKED COLD!..  
BUT HE'S TALKING  
OUT OF HIS HEAD!  
MAYBE WE CAN  
STILL GET THE  
INFORMATION!?

AIRPLANE FACTORIES  
THERE, TOO..BUT I  
WON'T TELL!..YOU  
CAN'T FORCE ME  
TO TELL YOU, THAT  
WE HAVE ANTI-  
AIRCRAFT AT  
DOCK 2....!

BEATEN UNMERCIFULLY,  
THE OFFICER'S BRAIN  
SNAPS. IN AN EFFORT  
TO WITHHOLD IMPORTANT  
SECRETS, HIS UNCONSCIOUS  
RAVINGS ACTUALLY GIVE  
OUT ALL THE NEEDED  
INFORMATION!

GOOD! HE'S  
TOLD ALL!  
THROW HIM  
OVERBOARD!!











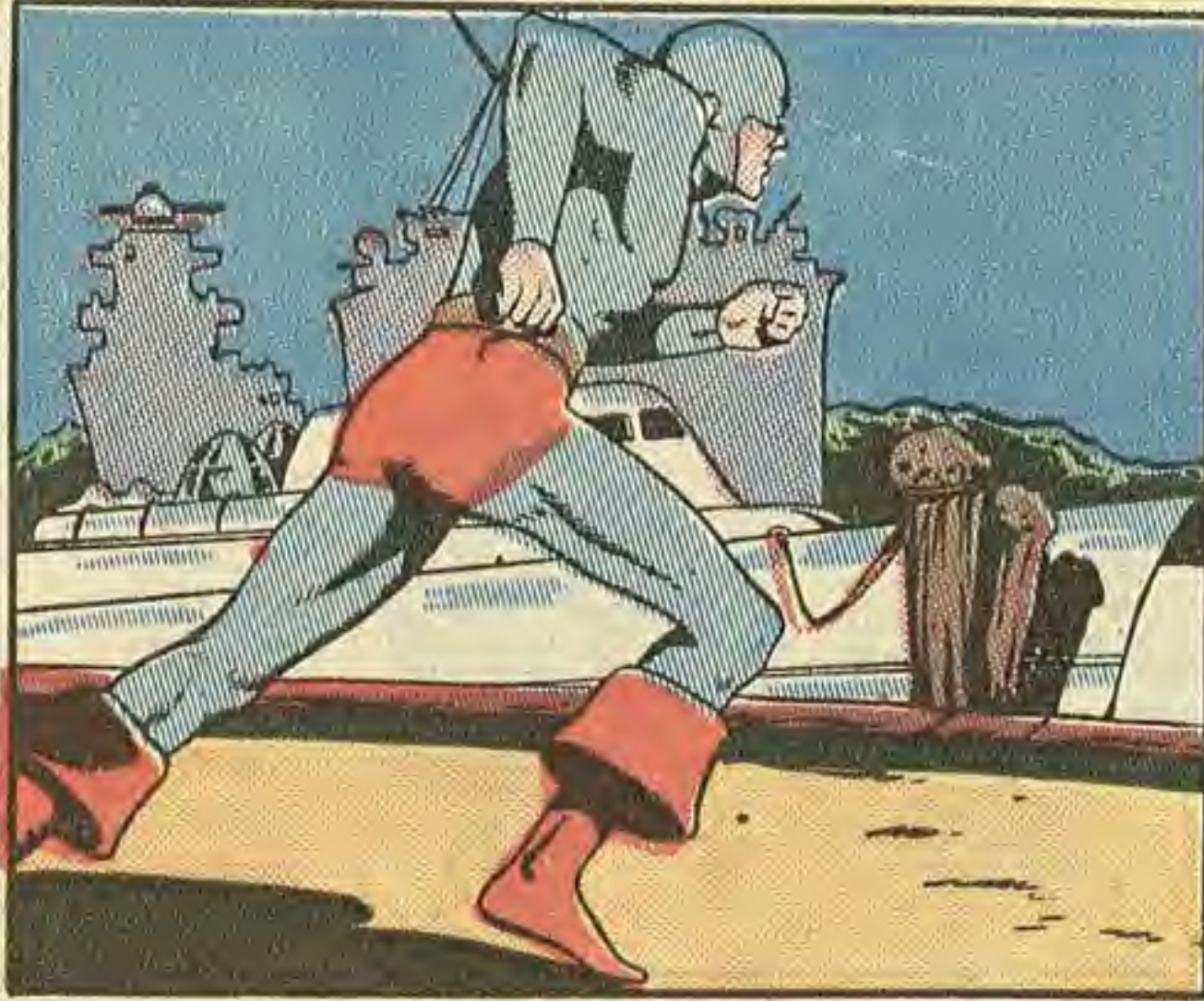
... AND EMERGES AS THE SYMBOL OF ALL GREAT FIGHTING MEN... G-2!

OKAY, DR. AGONY! THE GAME IS ON ONCE MORE, G-2 PLAYS HIS HAND TONIGHT!

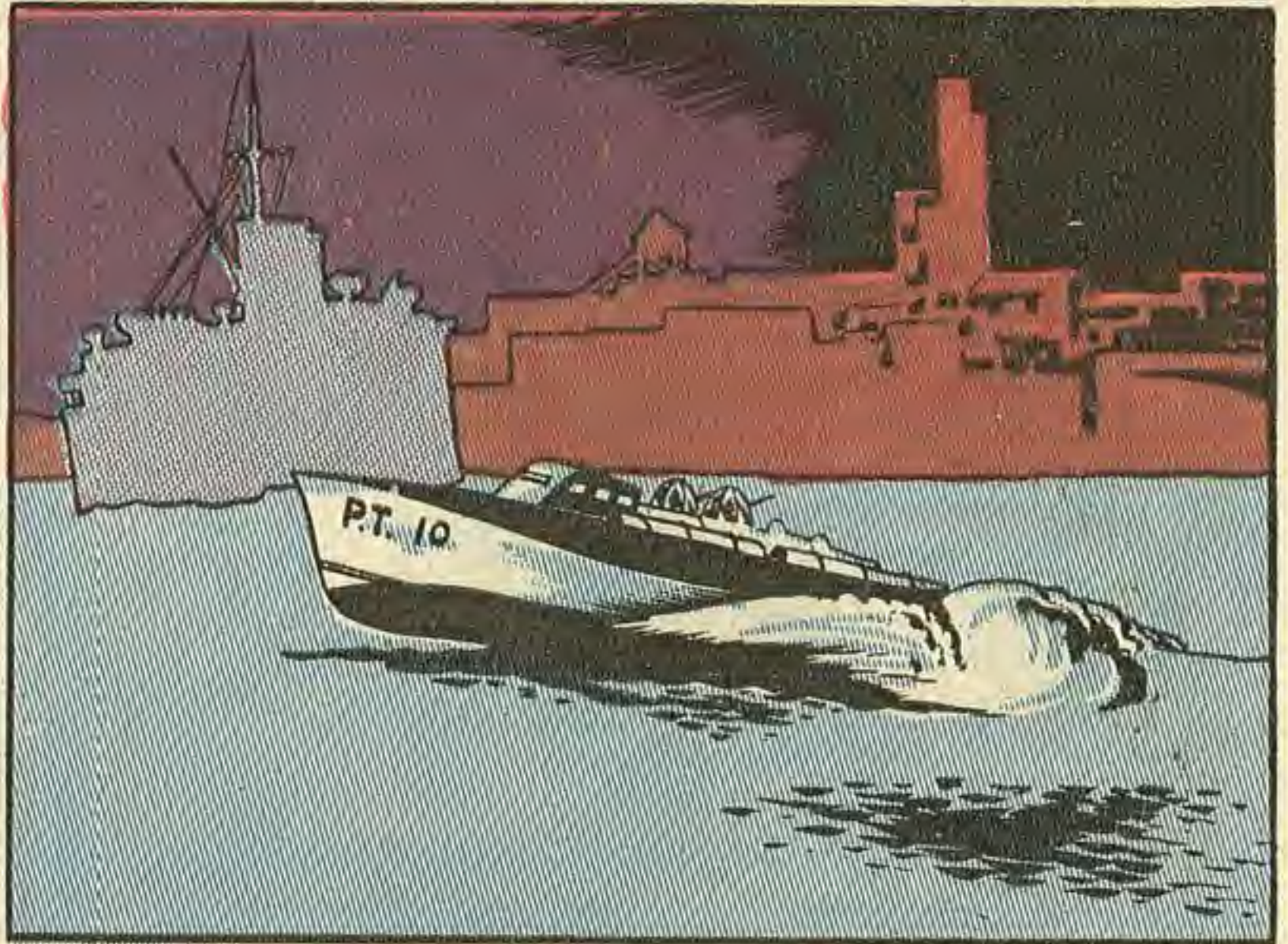




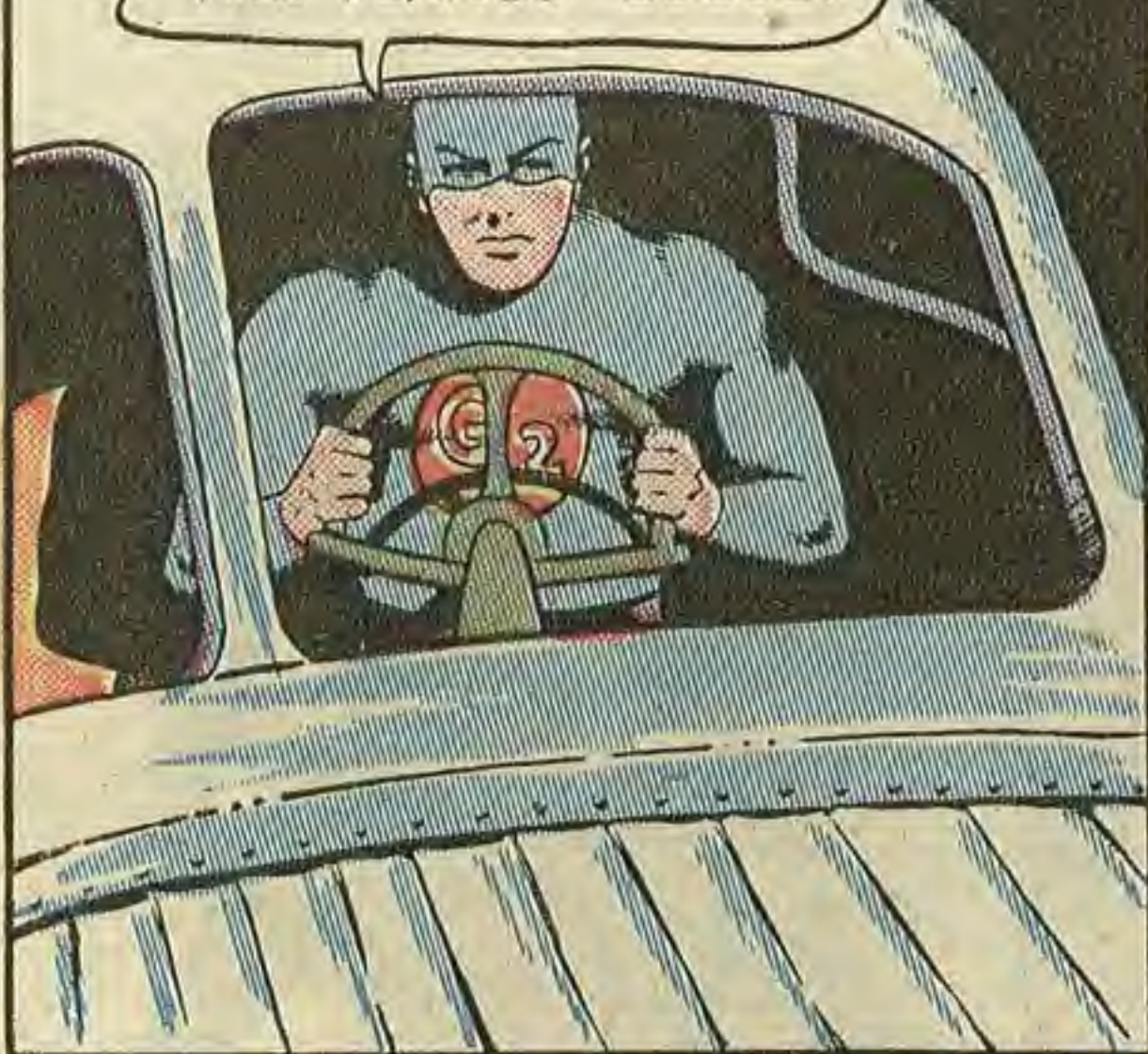
**K**NOWING THAT EVERY MINUTE IS PRECIOUS, G-2 SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARD A WAITING P-BOAT.



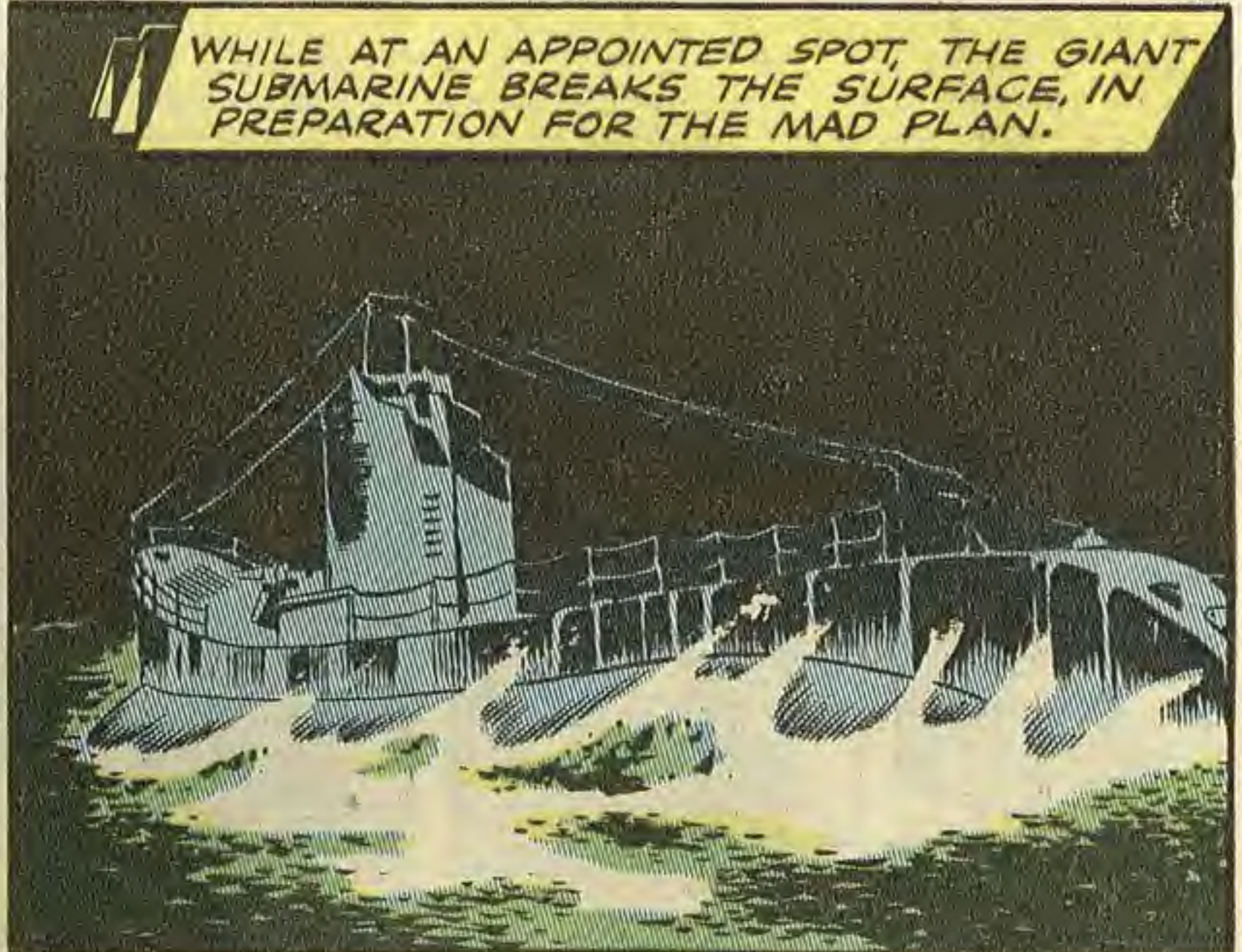
**T**HE SMALL SPEEDY, ARMED CRAFT SLICES THROUGH THE CHURNING WATERS...



IF I CAN ONLY INTERCEPT THE SUB, BEFORE IT LETS THE PLANES LOOSE!



**W**HILE AT AN APPPOINTED SPOT, THE GIANT SUBMARINE BREAKS THE SURFACE, IN PREPARATION FOR THE MAD PLAN.



THE TIME HAS COME, SONS OF THE FATHERLAND! TONIGHT WE BREAK THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA. WE'LL SPREAD THE FAME OF THE LUFTWAFFE FROM MAINE TO CALIFORNIA, LEAVING NOTHING BUT DEAD AND INJURED!



NO ONE HEARS THE FAINT PUTT-PUTT OF THE P-BOAT... AND NO ONE SEES A MIGHTY FIGURE HURTLE THROUGH SPACE TO GRASP A HANGING CHAIN... G-2 HAS ARRIVED!!



**T**HE HUNTER STALKS HIS PREY...

WHAT A NICE LITTLE PARTY OUR NAZI PALS ARE STAGING. A SHAME TO BREAK IT UP SO ABRUPTLY!



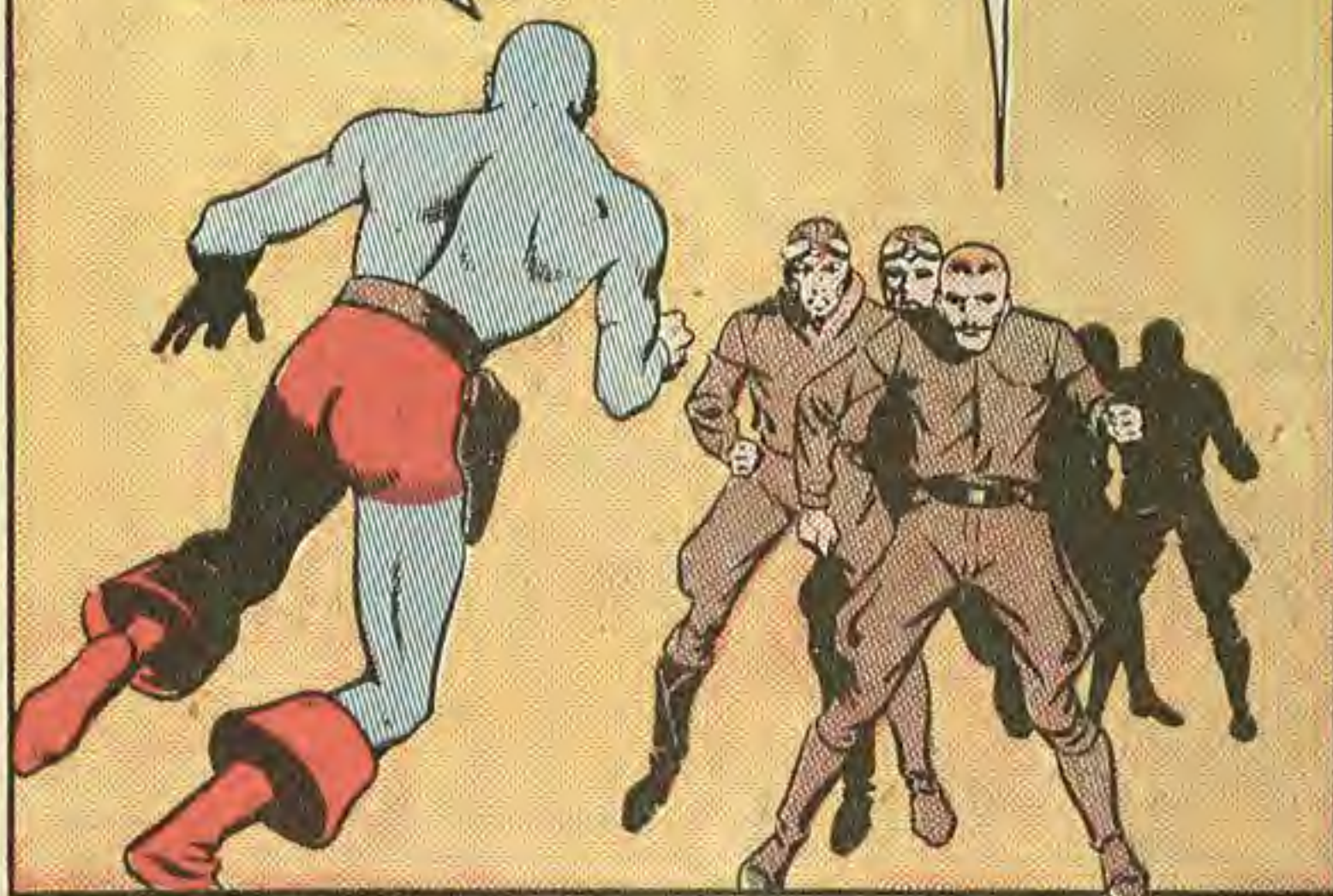


A DECK WATCH SEES THE SLINKING FIGURE...



NO USE TAKING IT EASY NOW! HERE GOES, DOUBLE OR NOTHING!

WHAT! AN AMERICAN ON BOARD!!?



WHAM!

OUCH



SLAM!



DR. AGONY, FROM HIDING SHOWS NO MERCY, EVEN FOR HIS OWN MEN, IN A MAD ATTEMPT TO SHOOT DOWN THE VALIANT, G-2

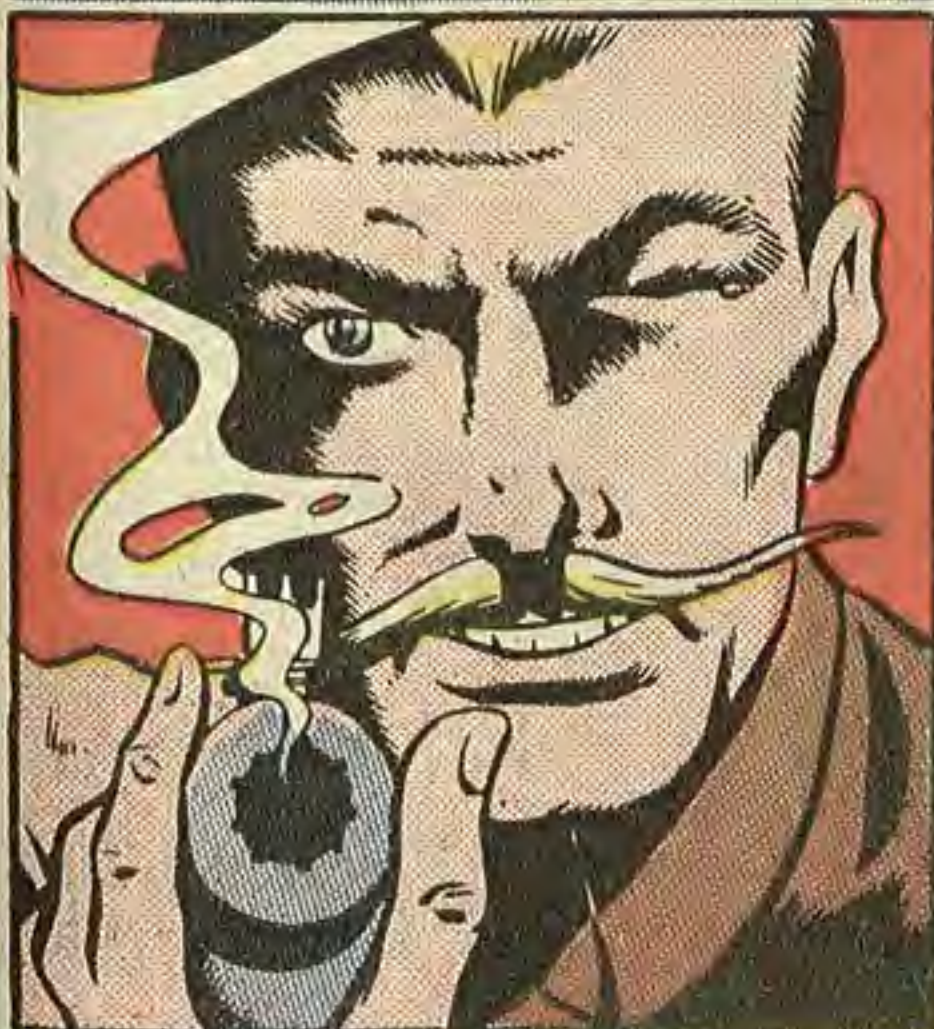
A HAIL OF HOT LEAD RAINS ROUND G-2... HE STAGGERS!

LUCKY BREAK FOR DR. AGONY!! GUESS ONE GOT ME!

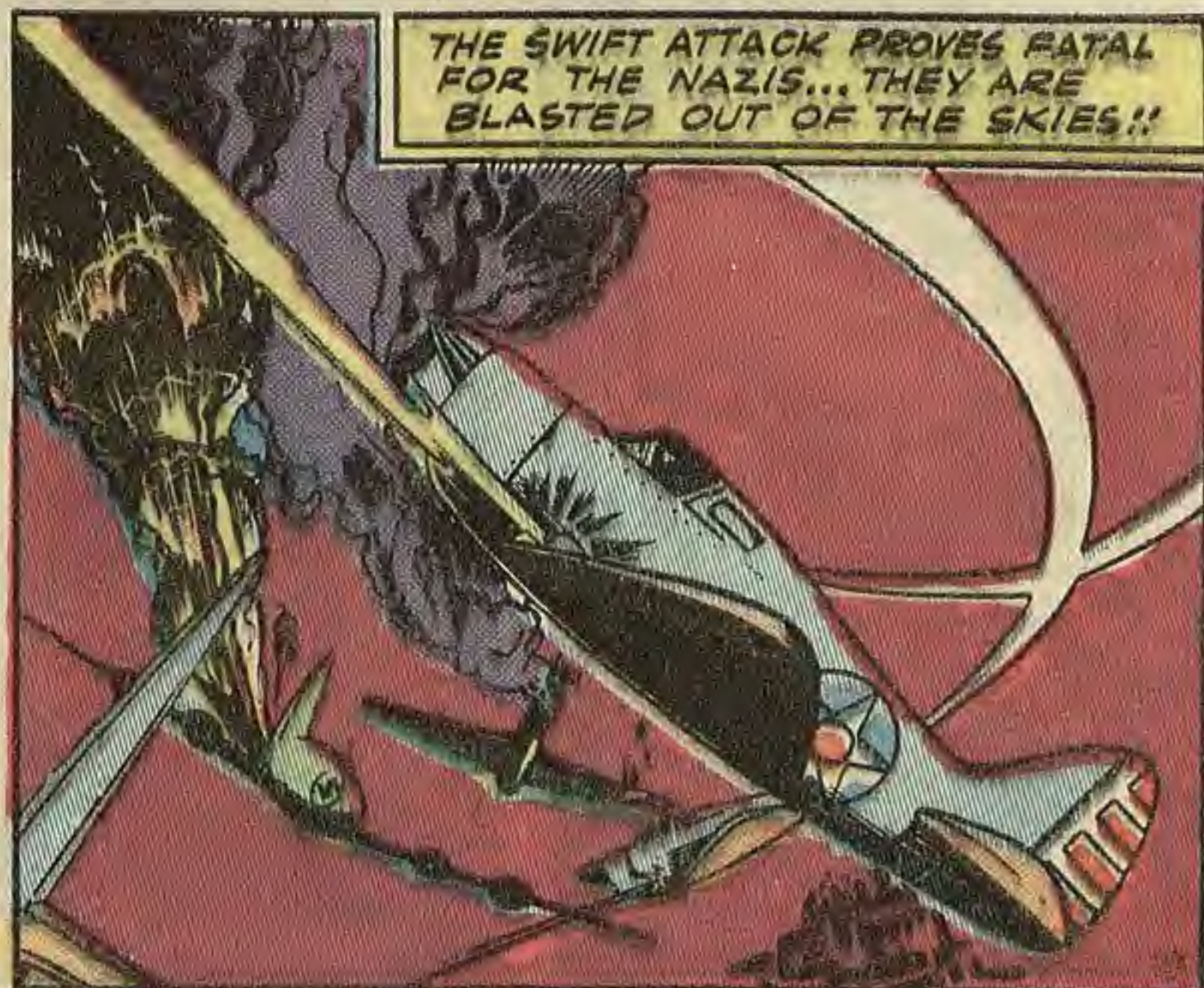


CAREFUL GOTHRO, -- IT MIGHT BE A TRICK !!

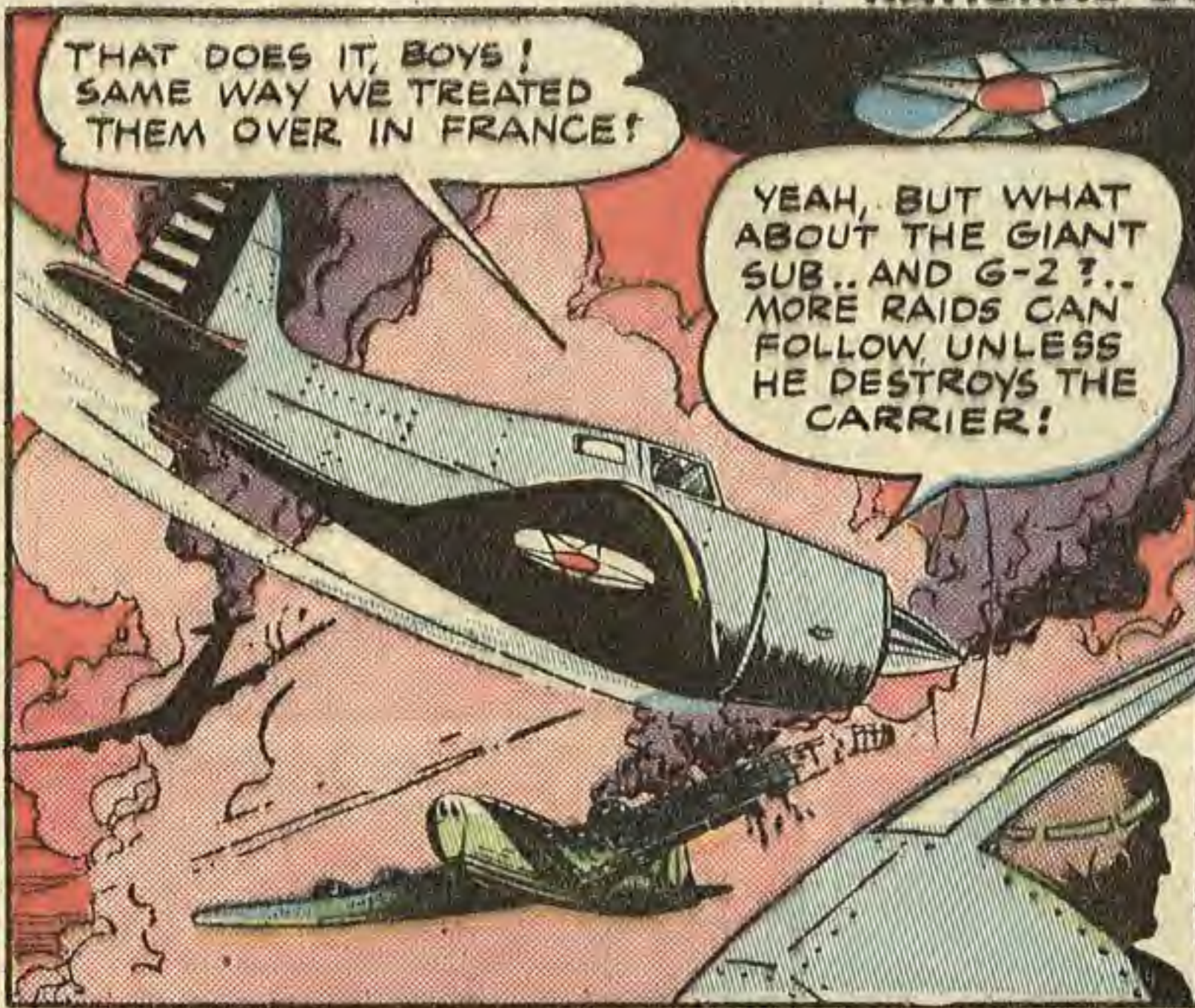
NO TRICK, BOSS MAN. HE BLOODY!





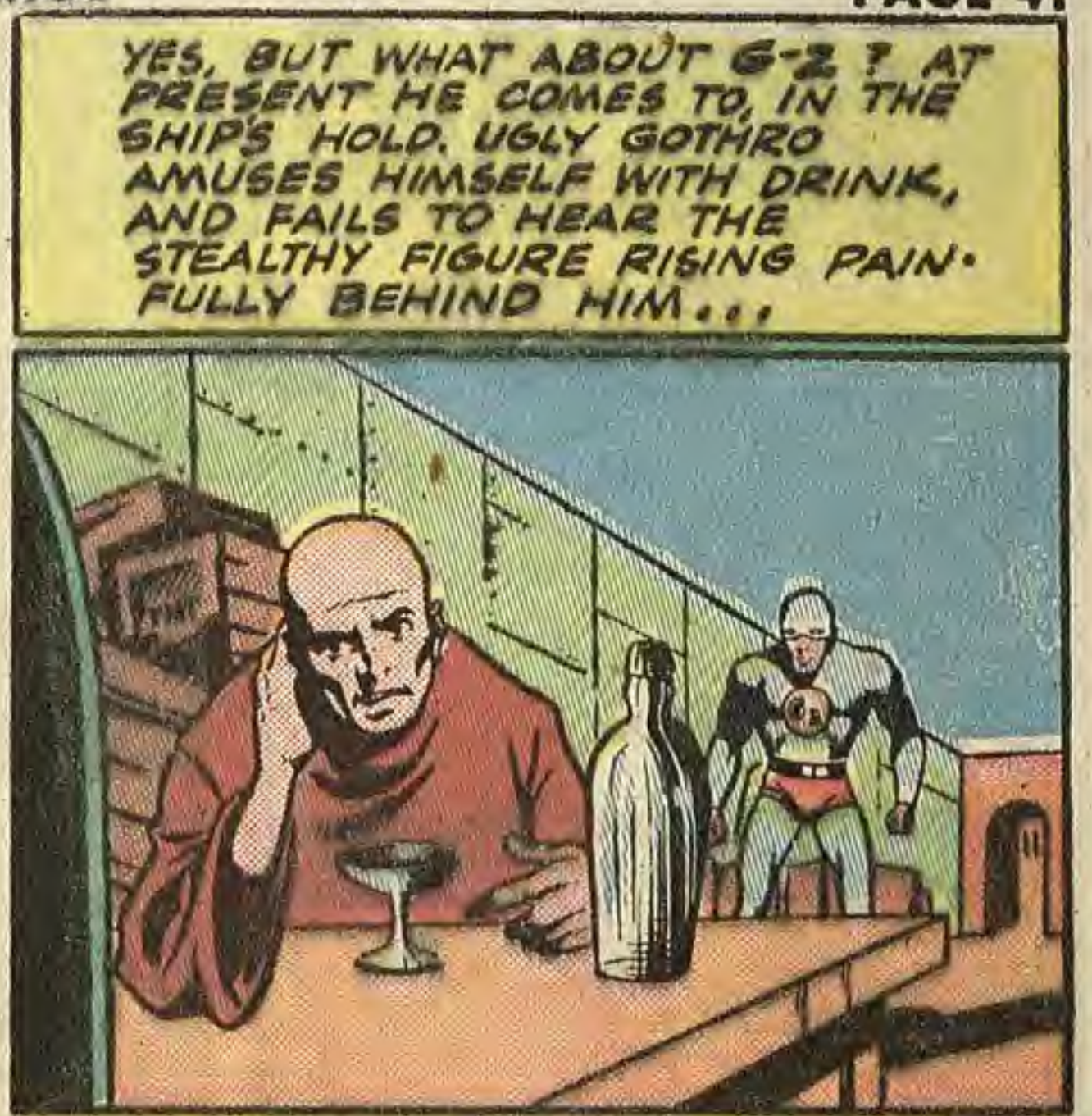






THAT DOES IT, BOYS!  
SAME WAY WE TREATED  
THEM OVER IN FRANCE!

YEAH, BUT WHAT  
ABOUT THE GIANT  
SUB.. AND G-2?...  
MORE RAIDS CAN  
FOLLOW UNLESS  
HE DESTROYS THE  
CARRIER!



YES, BUT WHAT ABOUT G-2? AT  
PRESENT HE COMES TO, IN THE  
SHIP'S HOLD. UGLY GOTHRO  
AMUSES HIMSELF WITH DRINK,  
AND FAILS TO HEAR THE  
STEALTHY FIGURE RISING PAIN-  
FULLY BEHIND HIM...



THE LIGHTS GO OUT  
...FOR GOTHRO!

KA-PLUNK!



GOTTA BLOW  
UP THIS MONSTER.  
NO TIME TO  
LOSE!



THEN UP THE STAIRS HE  
GOES, WITH THE SIZZLING  
SOUND GETTING MORE  
OMINOUS BEHIND HIM!!



HE'S ESCAPING!  
SHOOT HIM!

BLAM!  
BLAM!



ON AN EXPLOSION  
HEARD FOR MILES, THE  
WEIRD NAZI INVENTION  
GOES UP IN BITS...  
TAKING THE HUMAN  
ELEMENT WITH IT!!



WHAT DID I  
TELL YOU  
ABOUT STREET  
BRAWLS,  
CAPT. LEASH!!  
HMM.. BAD  
ARM YOU  
HAVE THERE?

NOTHING AT  
ALL, SIR.  
JUST SOME-  
THING I  
PICKED UP ON  
A DATE,  
LAST NIGHT!

THERE'S MORE TO COME...  
WATCH THE THRILLING  
ADVENTURES OF G-2 NEXT  
MONTH... IN A DARING SAGA  
ENTITLED:- FATE'S GRIM  
HAND!



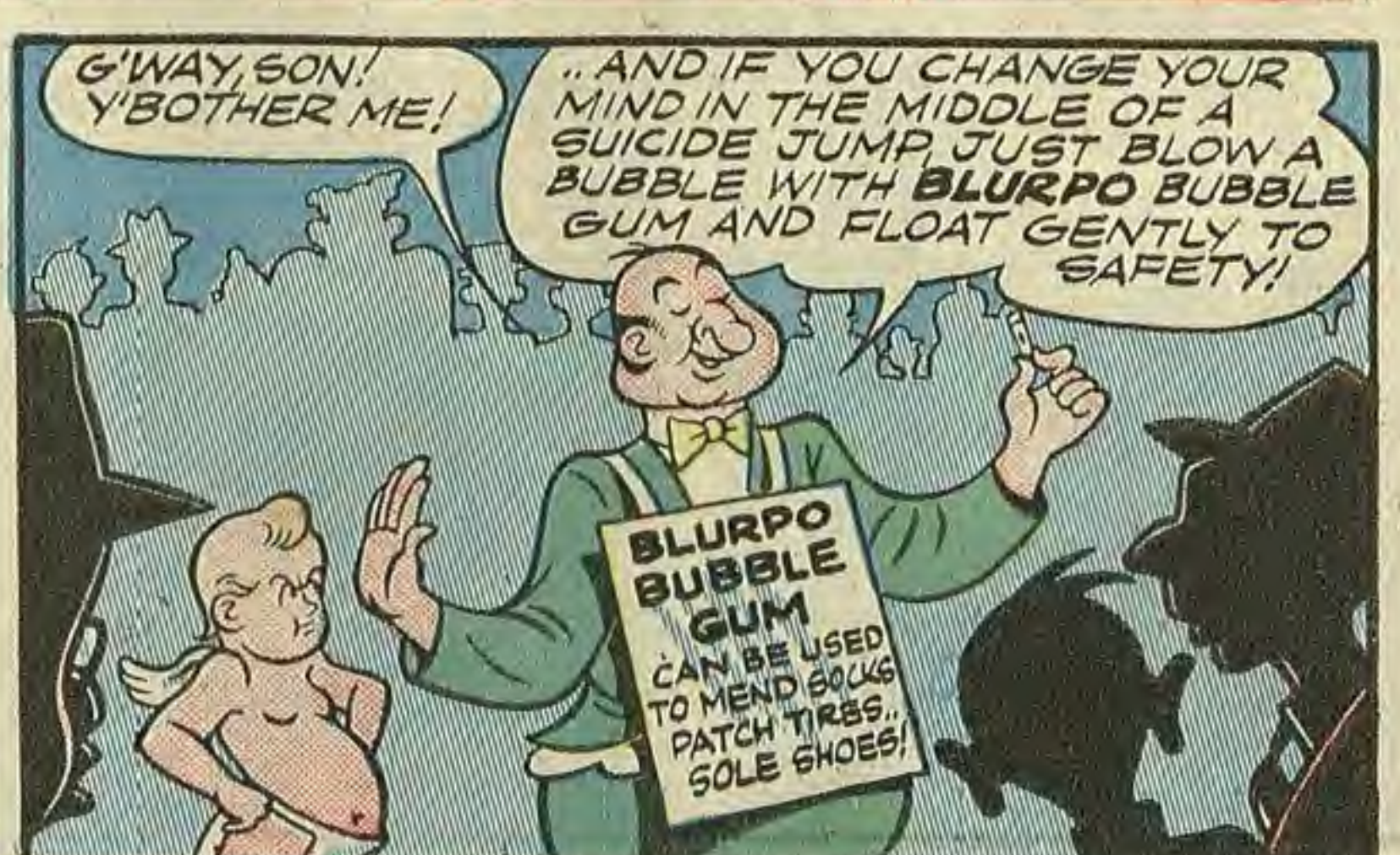
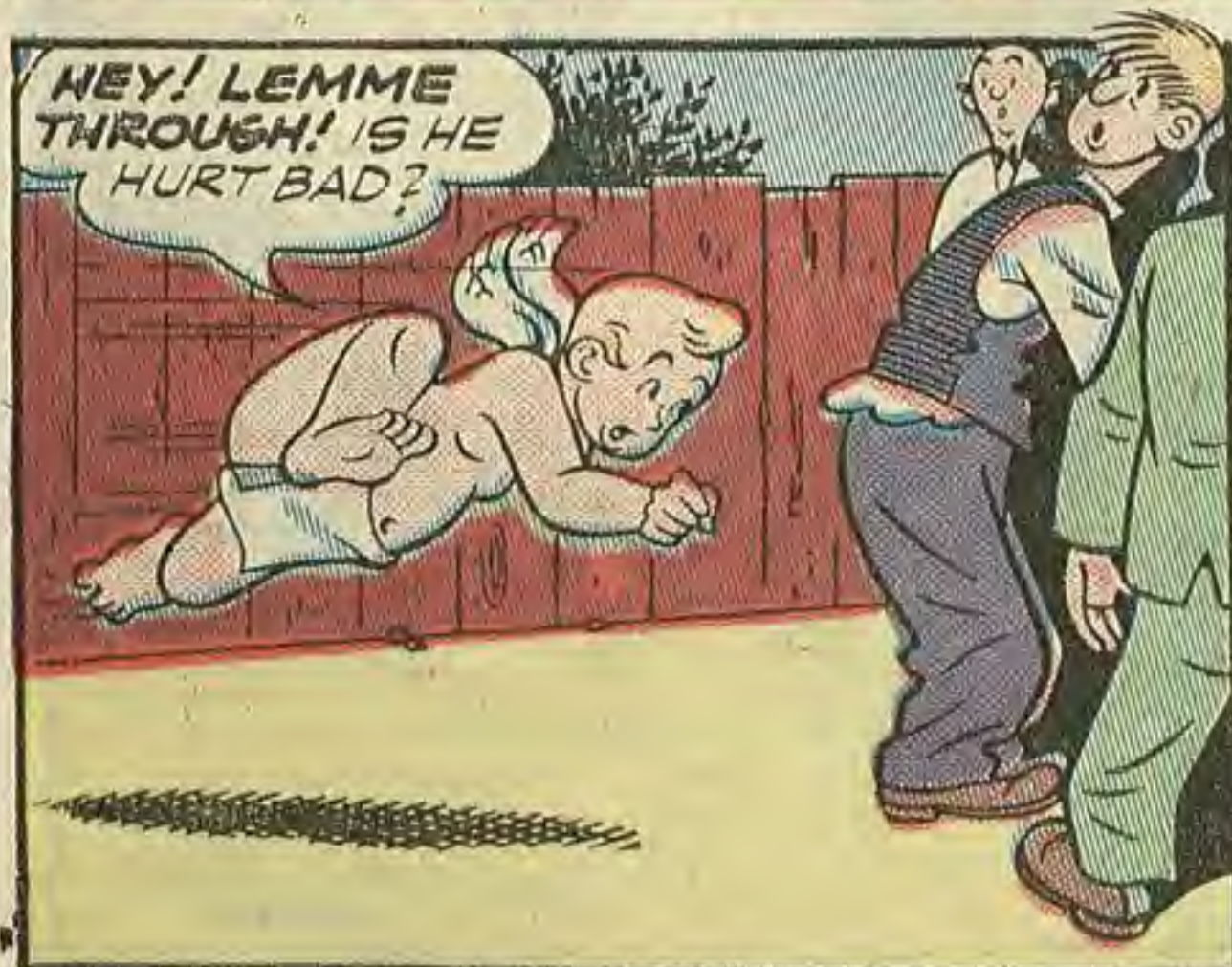
# CYCLONE CUPID

HE AIN'T STUPID!

by GILL FOX-



HEY, WHAT'S THIS? WITH THE GAS THAT HE'S HELD IN HIS MOUTH, THE SCREW-BALL BLOWS A WAD OF GUM INTO A BUBBLE AND THEN DESCENDS SLOWLY..





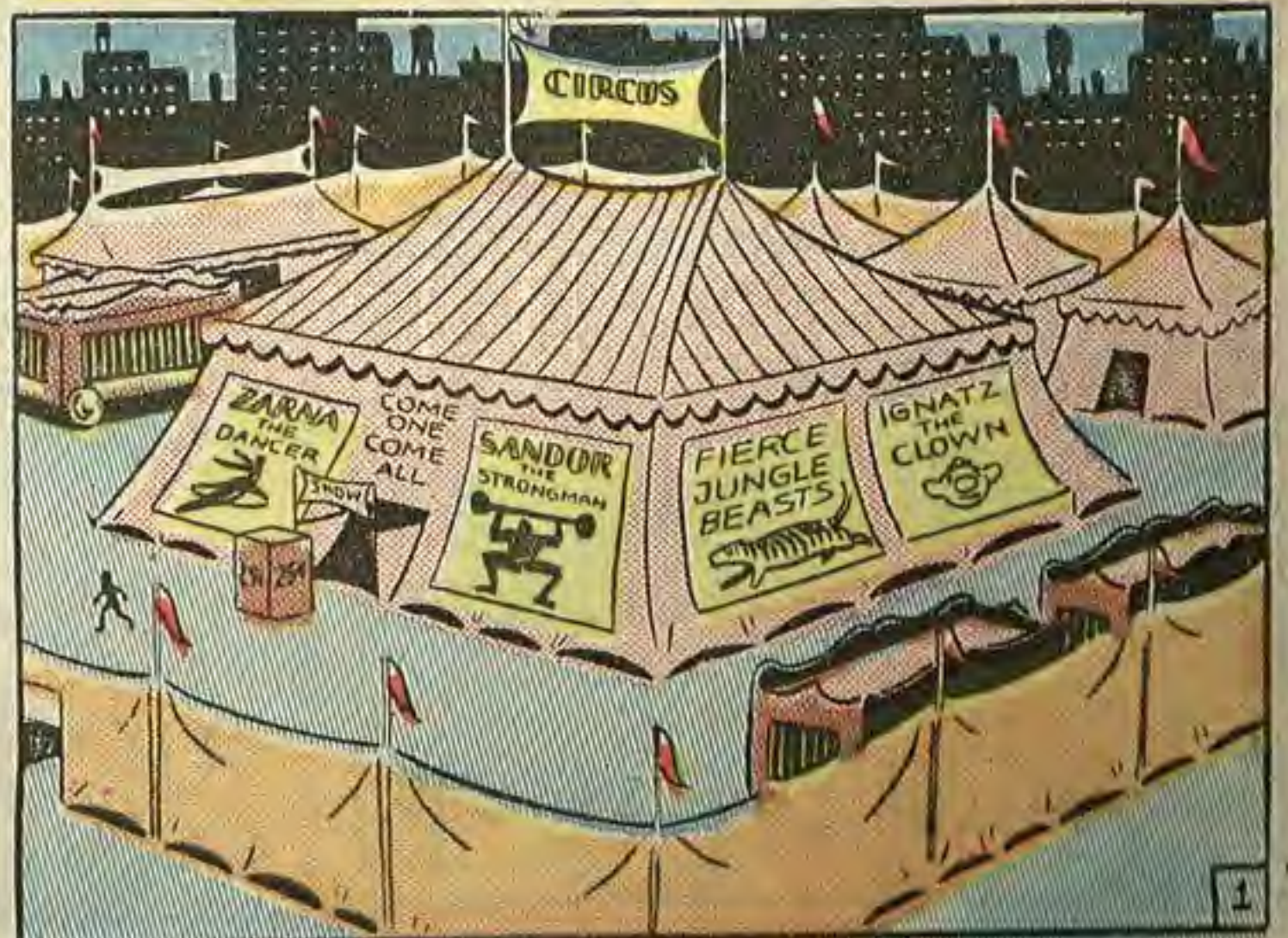
# QUICKSILVER

BY FRED

QUICKSILVER, THE POSSESSOR OF TERRIFIC SPEED AND AS ELUSIVE AS THE METAL ITSELF BECOMES A WHIRLWIND OF HUMAN ENERGY AS HE FLASHES INTO ACTION AGAINST THE EVIL THAT TURNS MEN INTO CROOKS AND KILLERS.

QUICKSILVER!  
I'LL BREAK YOU  
IN HALF!

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY A TRAVELLING CIRCUS CLOSES DOWN FOR THE NIGHT AS THE LAST EVENING SHOW IS ENDED.

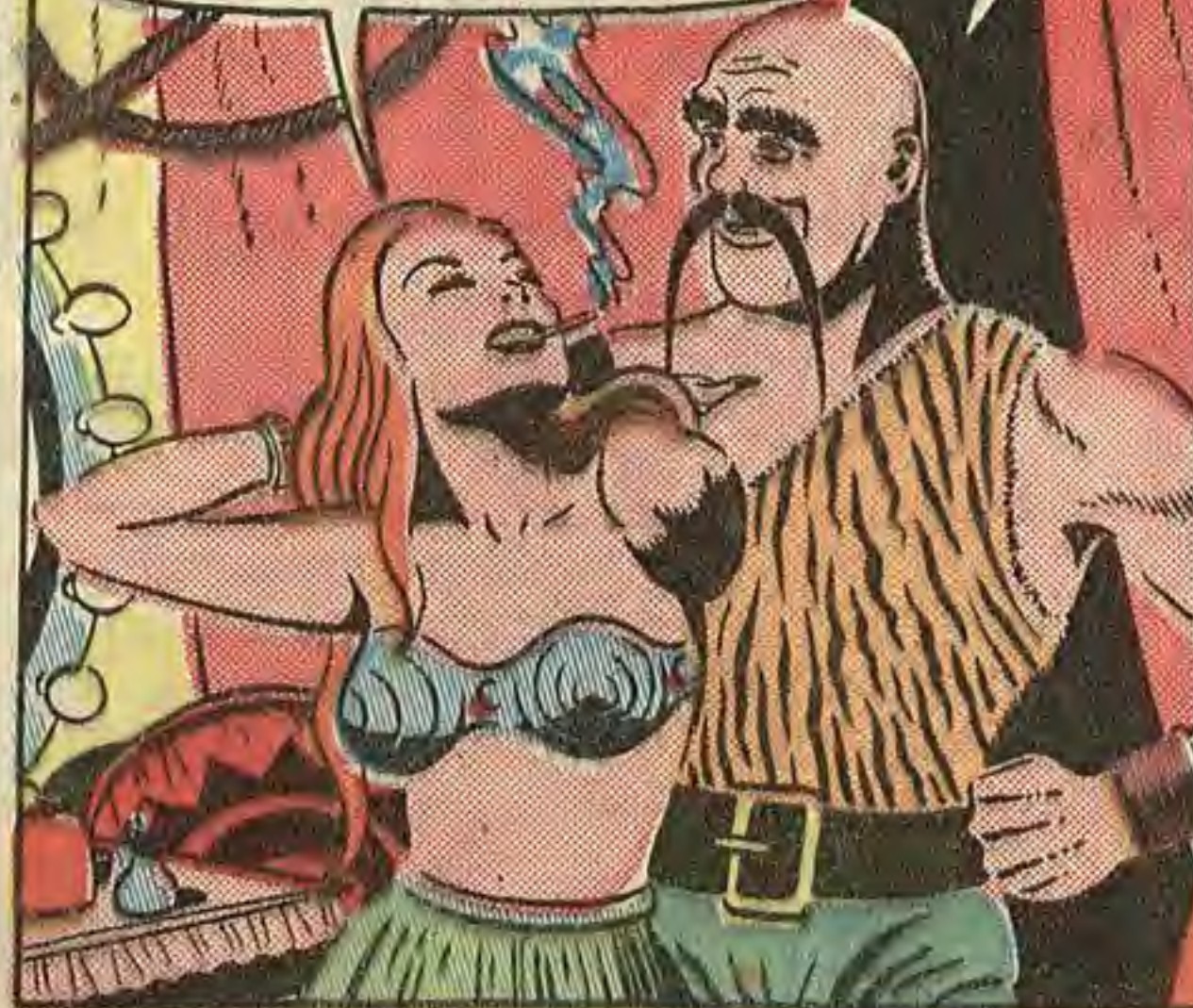




SANDOR THE STRONG MAN HEADS FOR A DRESSING TENT MARKED WITH A STAR.



SO YOU WANT TO MARRY ME / YOU'RE JUST A BIG APE - YOU'VE GOT TO PROVE YOUR LOVE FOR ME /



KILL IGNATZ, THE CLOWN - I HATE HIM - HE'S TOO POPULAR !



KILL ? NO/NO! AFRAID ?? BAH / COWARD ! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN / BUT IF YOU LOVE ME YOU'LL DO IT !



KILL ! I CAN'T ! I'VE NEVER HARMED A SOUL - BUT I MUST IF I'M TO WIN HER - I'M MAD FOR ZARNA !



LATER THAT NIGHT SANDOR FOLLOWS IGNATZ WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE.



NOW IS MY CHANCE / I'LL FILE THIS ROPE SO IT WILL LOOK WORN OUT INSTEAD OF CUT.

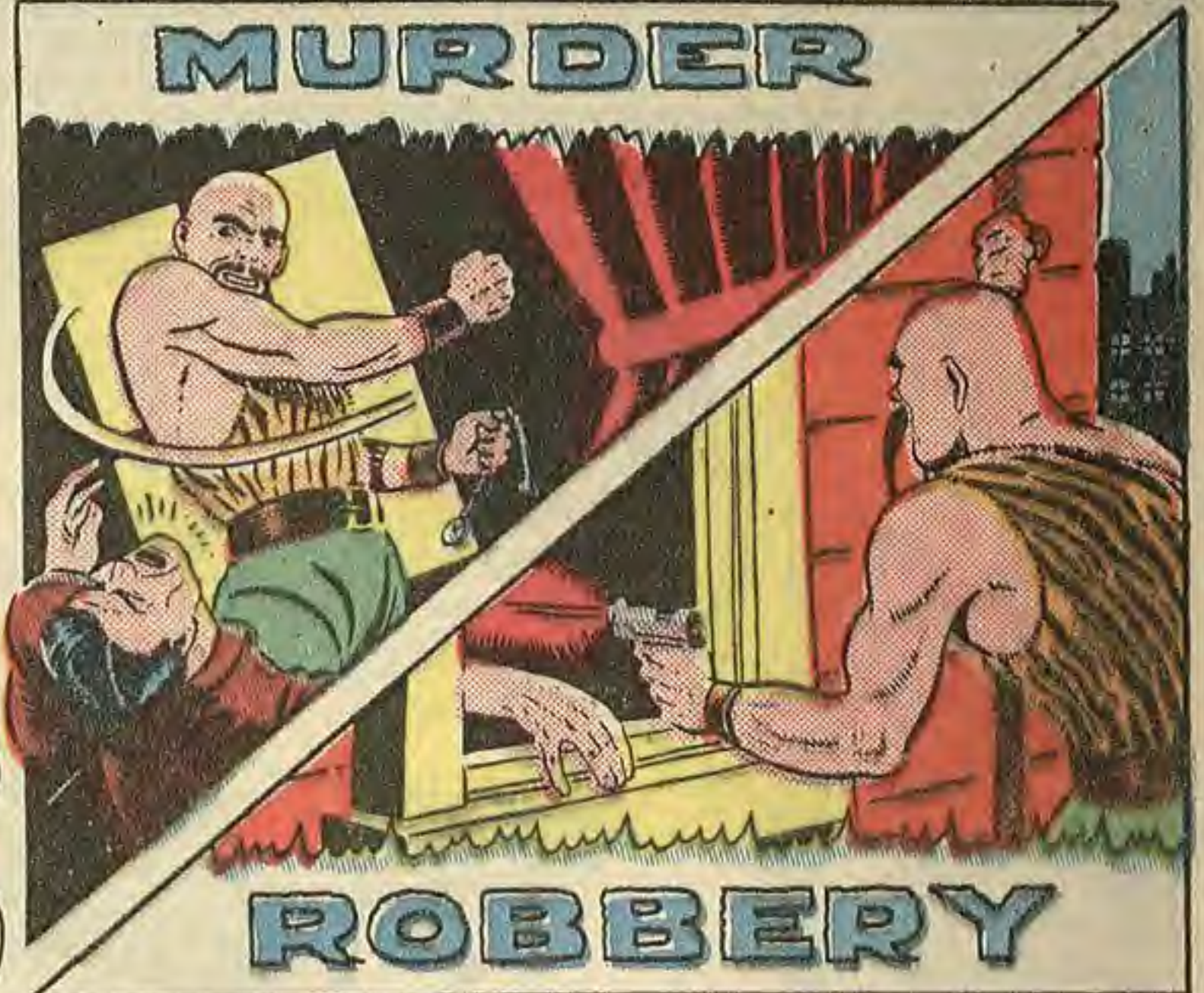


LATER POOR IGNATZ - TOO BAD ! IT WAS AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT. WE NEED STRONGER ROPES FOR THESE BAGS !





THE DESIRE TO KILL IS NOW STRONG. WITHIN SANDOR-AND THE NEXT NIGHT A MURDEROUS STRONG MAN STALKS THE STREETS



I HAVE BROUGHT YOU ALL I HAVE STOLEN. WILL YOU MARRY ME NOW?

YOU ARE SO SWEET, BUT I MUST HAVE MORE - A HUNDRED GRAND, AND THEN... PERHAPS..

MEANWHILE HEADLINES DESCRIBE THE CRIME WAVE.



THE NEWS IS DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT THE CITY AND REACHES THE HANDS OF...



QUICKSILVER!!

SO THE ONLY CLUE IS RESIN DUST! THAT NARROWS IT DOWN TO SHOW PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY CIRCUS PERFORMERS WHO USE IT TO GRASP ROPES AND TRAPEZES MORE TIGHTLY. I'LL FIRST LOOK AROUND THAT NEW CIRCUS!



HEY! (ULP) THANKS FOR THE BUCK!



THE CIRCUS IS CLOSED AND DARK WHEN QUICKSILVER REACHES IT.



SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES BEFORE I GAVE UP ACROBATING TO BECOME A CRIME HUNTER. BOY! THE OLD SAWDUST TRAIL!

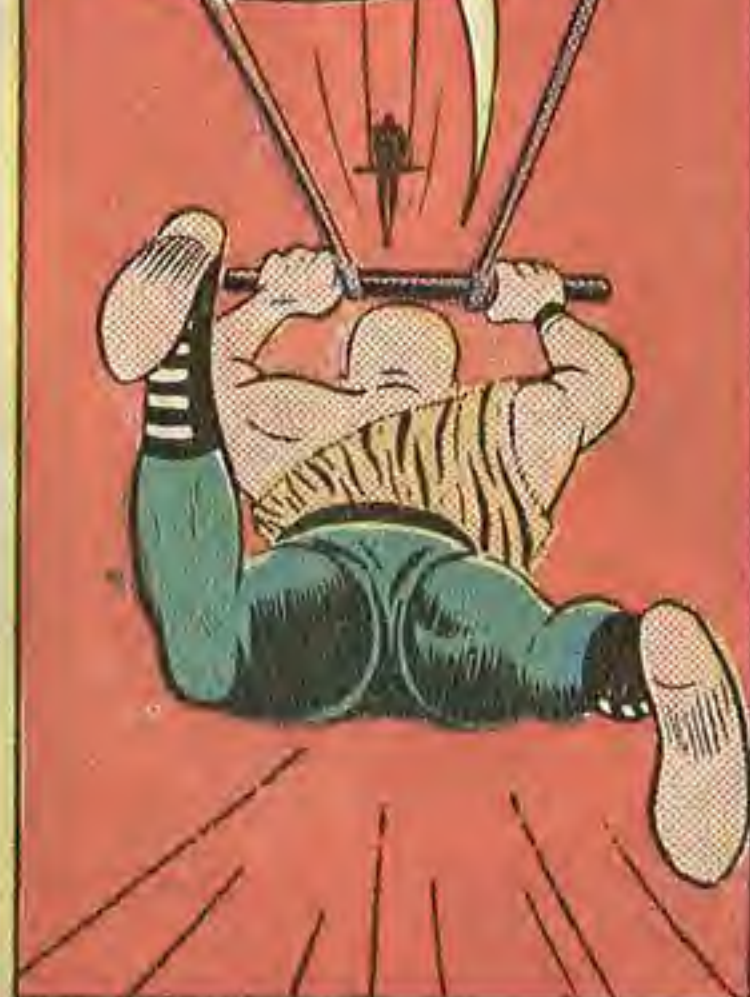




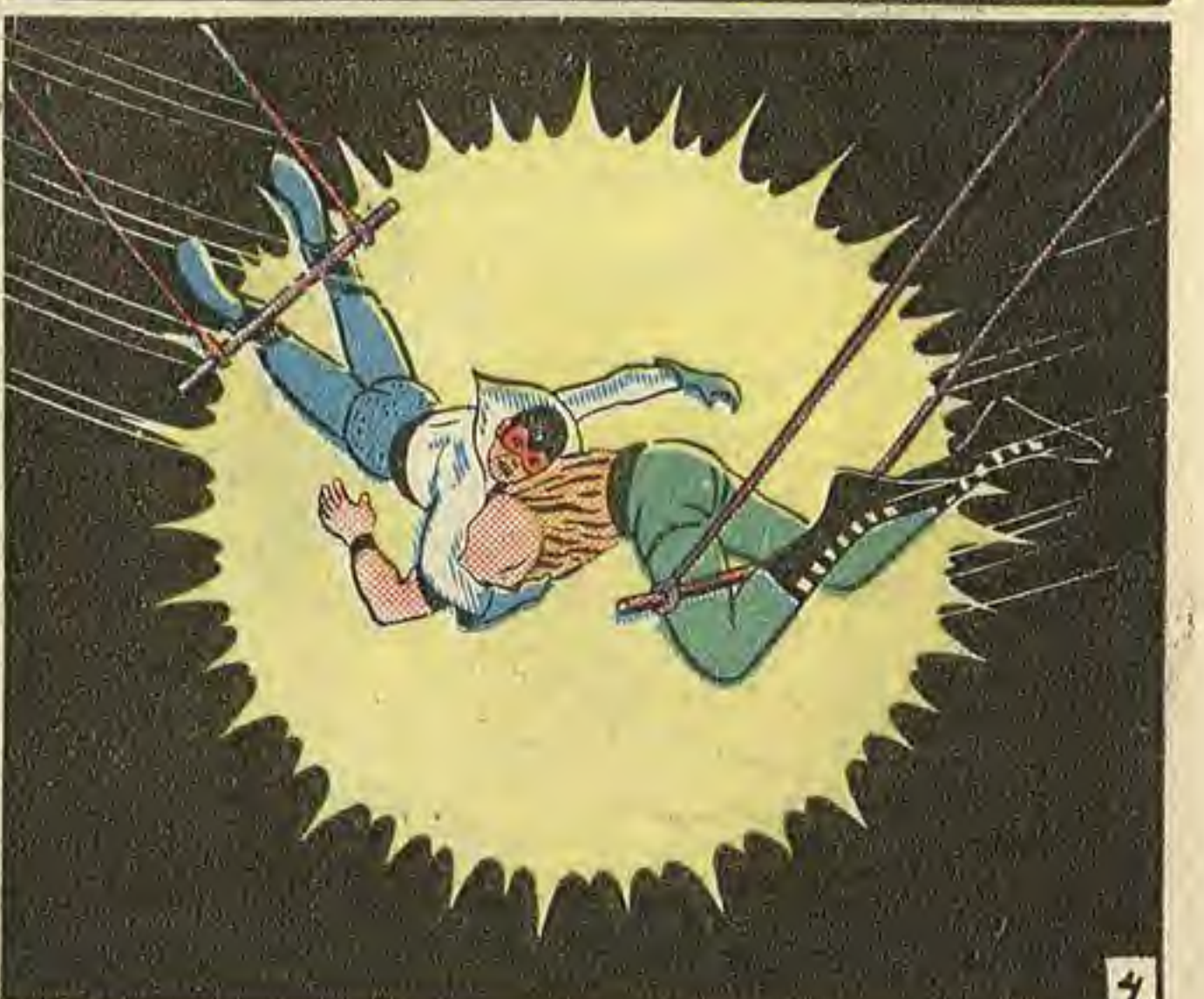
LIKE THE TRAINED ACROBAT OF OLD QUICKSILVER DEFTLY SWINGS OUT ON A TRAPEZE -



YOU'RE ON MY HUNTING GROUNDS, QUICKSILVER, I'M GOING TO PLOW YOU UNDER!



AN INSTANT LATER THE TWO CLASH IN MID-AIR!

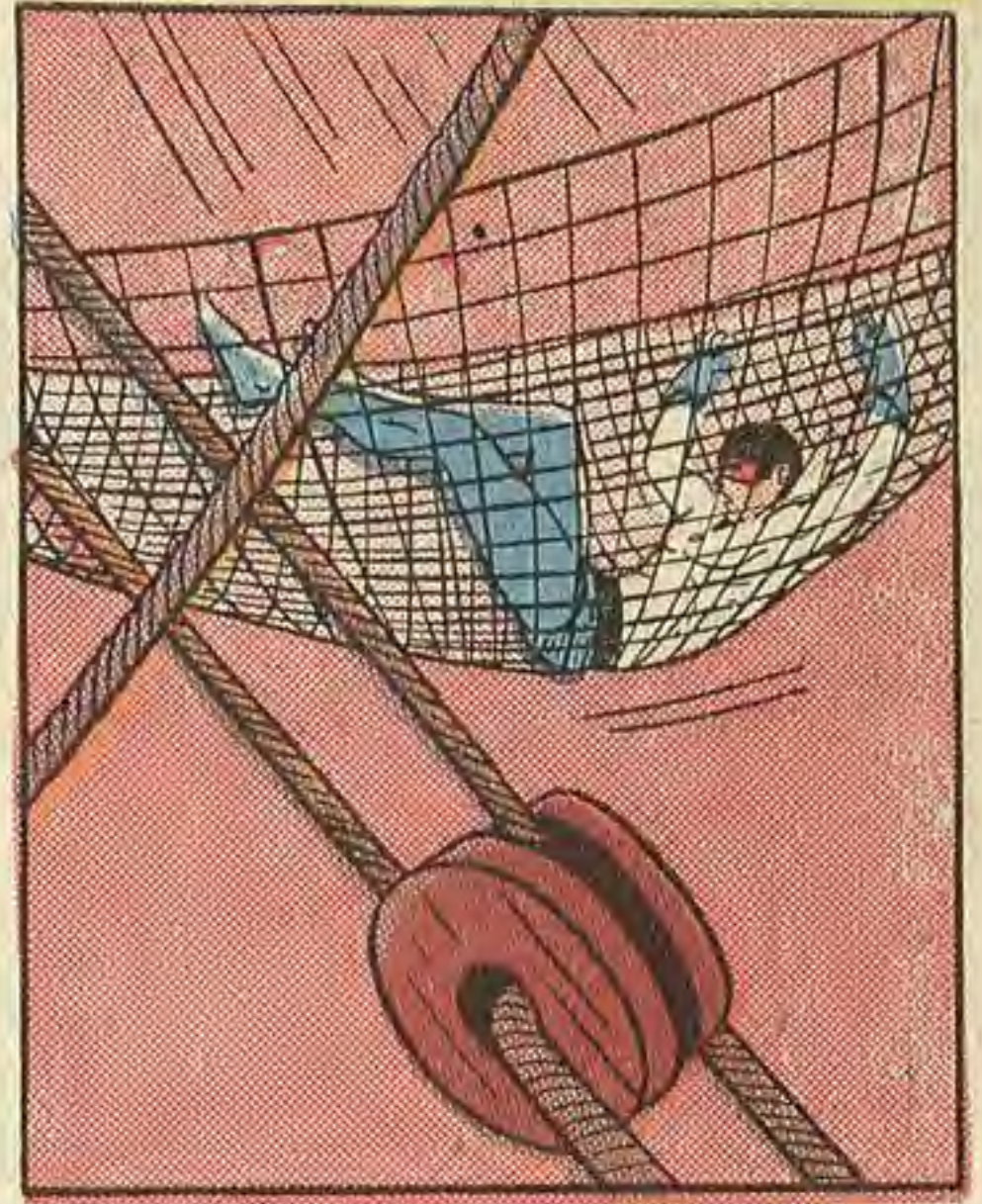




LOCKED IN COMBAT THEY PLUMMET DOWNWARD, LAND-  
ING ON A SCAFFOLD.

THE BOARDS COLLAPSE AND  
AIDED BY A KICK FROM  
SANDOR - QUICKSILVER FALLS.

..AND LANDS IN A NET /



HA/ HA! NOW  
I'VE GOT YOU!  
BWAHAHAHA!



THE STRONG MAN CLIMBS  
TO A CAGE HIGH IN THE  
RAFTERS!

THEY PUT YOU UP HERE  
BECAUSE YOU'RE A KILLER!  
NOW I'LL FREE YOU!



A SNARLING LEOPARD EMERGES  
AND DIVES DOWN!

GET  
QUICKSILVER!

GROWW!



BUT AS THE BIG CAT HITS  
THE NET QUICKSILVER  
BOUNCES UP...



..AND NIMBLY CATCHES A  
TRAPEZE BAR.

THERE GOES  
SANDOR - GETTING  
AWAY!



NOT SO FAST,  
STRONGMAN!







SUDDENLY QUICKSILVER HEARS A VICIOUS GROWL BEHIND HIM-



AS THE LEOPARD AND QUICKSILVER FACE EACH OTHER, SANDOR DARTS FOR FREEDOM.



IN A FLASH QUICKSILVER DODGES THE BIG CAT'S CHARGE!



THOROUGHLY BEATEN, THE LEOPARD ALLOWS QUICKSILVER TO LEAD HIM TO AN EMPTY CAGE.



IN HER DRESSING ROOM, ZARNA AWAITS THE RETURN OF QUICKSILVER.







NO, NO! LISTEN TO ME!  
I DIDN'T MEAN TO SQUEAL-  
HEH! HEH! I LOVE YOU-  
DON'T, DON'T-



BUT HER  
PLEADING IS CUT  
SHORT..AN AWFUL  
SILENCE IS  
PUNCTUATED BY A  
HORRIBLE GASP!



I'VE KILLED HER!  
I'VE KILLED HER!  
MY BEAUTIFUL  
ZARNA!

QUICKSILVER LEAPS TO  
THE NEAREST TELEPHONE.

HELLO, CAPTAIN MURRAY?  
COME DOWN TO THE CIRCUS  
AND YOU'LL FIND THE  
KILLER YOU'VE BEEN  
LOOKING FOR!



-AND NOW  
YOU'D BETTER  
TELL ME THE  
WHOLE  
STORY.



CHIEF OF POLICE MURRAY  
ARRIVES WITH A SQUAD OF  
MEN

THERE'S QUICKSILVER!  
NAB THAT GUY WITH  
HIM!



HERE SHE IS!  
I KILLED HER-  
I'LL CONFESS  
EVERYTHING!

SO YOU'RE THE  
KILLER! YOU'LL  
GET THE CHAIR  
FOR THIS!

WAIT,  
CHIEF!

SHE IS THE REAL KILLER!  
SHE WAS THE RINGMASTER-  
SANDOR WAS SIMPLY  
A PAWN. SHE WAS THE ROOT  
OF EVIL IN SANDOR,  
THE STRONGMAN!





# THE PHANTOM

THE silence of the polar vastness was absolute, except for the hissing and crackling of the Aurora.

John Attuck, mail carrier for this remote region, spoke to his dogs in a gentle voice. The seven great Huskies, panting steam from slaving jaws, took up the long, hard trek again. In a moment the sledge was traveling over the hard snow at a fine clip. John Attuck sang a tribal song. John was happy. Uncle Sam was his friend, and John had served as mail carrier for sixteen years, with never a piece of mail lost or stolen.

But John was particularly cautious this trip; he had forty thousand dollars in gold aboard the sled—the payroll for the Great Aurora Mines at Nome.

John covered ten more miles, swinging along hanging to the gee pole, sometimes snatching a ride on the downgrades. Then suddenly he clutched his chest, stumbled, and pitched on his face in the snow. Old Umat, the lead dog, came to a halt and slowly turned the team to go back and see what had happened to his master. Umat was licking John's face when the squat man with the hi-power rifle came out of the brush a hundred yards away and strode toward the prostrate man.

Umat bared his fangs and snarled. He didn't like the looks of the yellow face showing amid the thick white fur of the man's parka; and he didn't like the scent of burned gun powder. Umat knew that smell always presaged death. He howled.

The man spoke sharply in Japanese. Umat growled. The man pointed his rifle and fired. Umat reared up on his hind legs and dropped over dead. Quickly the Jap rifled the sled, took the bags of gold and hurried away across the snow. The other dogs milled around, got tangled in their harness, and lay down to await developments.

It was this sight that caught the gaze of the two flyers two hours later.

"What's that down there?" asked Bill Woods, the famous detective from the States. He pointed below.

Jim Sellers, young Alaskan Airways flyer and guide on this trip, said, "Sled dogs. Wonder what they are stopped there for? Don't see anybody around."

They came down and landed gently on long skis. The sled dogs put up a terrific howling, getting more tangled in their traces. Bill spotted the body of old John Attuck, now half covered in thick frost.

"Good grief!" exclaimed Sellers. "It's John Attuck, the mail carrier! He's been shot."

A careful examination of the sled showed what had happened.

"Somebody made off with the Aurora payroll," Sellers stated. "And not a track to be seen now."

"We'd better get on to Nome, Jim," Bill said. "I'm going to take this case and run that devil down if it's the last thing I ever do. Let's go!"

The officials of the mine were horrified to learn of John's death. As for the gold, that was a trifling matter; it was insured. The men were put out, of course, to discover they had no pay coming; but more than that they were heart broken about old John. They were for setting out in a body on a search for the murderer. But Bill vetoed that.

"You wouldn't have a chance, boys," he told them. "This guy evidently used a plane, and he'd be a long ways from here by now. We've got to use strategy to nab this rat. And I promise you I'll find him before I leave the north."

The men cheered Bill's statement; they had heard of Bill Woods before: one of the greatest detectives of the age, for all his youth.

Alaska is dotted with mines of various descriptions, and many such Eskimo mail carriers perform their duties throughout the year. In a few instances planes carry the payrolls, where landing facilities warrant. Mostly dog sleds are the mode of travel.

In one month, seven mail carriers were shot and large payrolls stolen. There had been no witnesses to any of the murders. Who was committing these robberies?

In the capital city of Juneau the authorities were baffled. They could think of no one who might be the perpetrator of the crimes.

"Juneau Jake" Bales, a noted rascal who had served several years in prison for robbery, was mentioned.

"Naw," said police Captain Rafferty. "Jake's too yellow. This guy is a newcomer. He always picks a time when there's sure to be a thick frost, to cover his tracks."

"Yeah," another interposed, "but how does he pick the right day and the right mail carrier at the same time?"

"Easy," replied Rafferty. "He knows all the routes; and there's enough of 'em so's he has no trouble pickin' the right time. Didn't he kill old Malla up on the Slave last Thursday, then knock off Peter Big Ear two days later four hundred miles from there?"

That night a small, fast pursuit plane swept out over the Pacific on a flight of investigation. At the controls was the daring Bill Woods. There was a grim set to his mouth and his gray eyes bored through the night. He carried a secret army chart showing the locations of all Jap settlements on the Aleutians, especially fields where Jap planes were lined up.

Near midnight, flying at fifteen thousand feet, Bill dropped a half dozen flares, then slowly banked and circled the small island his instruments told him was directly below. The flares were set to light at two thousand feet from the ground. In a moment they burst into a brilliant glow. Almost at the same time a dozen anti-aircraft guns began spewing shellfire at the skies. But Bill had seen what he wanted, and now he was racing eastward, while the Japs wasted their ack-ack ammunition.

The next thing Bill did was to get in touch, by short-wave radio, with the weather bureau at Sitka. In a few terse words the operator gave him the frost warnings for the next three nights.

"Just how accurate are these prognostications?" Bill asked the operator.

"Accurate within an hour or two mostly," answered the operator at Sitka. "These are official, you know."

Bill thanked the youth at the other end and cut off his set. He didn't want a prowling Jap zero to locate him and start shooting. Not that he wouldn't relish a crack at the slant-eyed rascals, but he had other work



to do first. And, as he saw it right then, it was work such as he loved: trapping a murderer! This time a phantom murderer!

Six hours later, Bill was closeted with the local blacksmith of Juneau. He stood by helping whenever he could. When the thing was complete, Bill paid his man and left.

"Now for the big moment!" he said to himself as he headed for his plane on the outskirts of town. He had checked the frost warnings, carefully checked the next gold shipment to northern mines, and he knew exactly where he was going. He might have made a mistake, but it was worth trying. Those Japs weren't exactly crazy!

For two days the dog sled wound rapidly over the solidly frozen snow. Now it came up over a ridge and slowed down. The driver panted; he was rather unaccustomed to such hard going. Suddenly a shot echoed from a clump of bushes on his right. The driver, clutched his chest and fell forward. The dogs milled. And from the bushes came a squat figure in white fur parka. He had just begun rifling the sled when the driver leaped up with a drawn automatic.

"All right, Nippy, raise 'em!" barked Bill Woods.

The Jap lifted his hands, cursing in Nipponese. From the high-piled heap of furs on the sled emerged the obese figure of Police Captain Rafferty.

"Good work, Bill!" exclaimed the captain. "I never thought you'd hit on the right idea. But by cracky, you have! But how in heck did he get here? Ain't no sign of dogs."

"By plane, Cap," Bill told him. "Like I said, Remember, I didn't

say what kind of plane. But if you'll walk back a few hundred yards from here you'll see it."

Making the Jap precede them, they walked two hundred yards to a ravine. There stood a new autogiro plane!

"You see, Cap," said Bill, "he used the only type of plane that could land in this terrain. I saw it back on Fish Island when I flew over the Aleutians."

"Yeah, but how the dickens did you happen to pick this route, and how did you keep from gettin' killed when that

lug shot you? They's a hole in your coat just over your heart."

"I got the frost warnings for each locality," Bill explained. "The one for here fell on the day when Hazen was to have brought his mail sled north. Oh, about why I didn't get bumped off—" Bill opened his parka. He tapped a finger on solid steel. "Your blacksmith made me a nice suit of armor, Captain—bullet-proof. That's all there is to it."

Captain Rafferty sighed. Youth was funny!

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#### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF NATIONAL COMICS, published monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1942.

State of Connecticut }  
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the NATIONAL COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Favorites, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Editor, Gilbert Fox, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Favorites, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Frank J. Markey, 369 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Henry P. Martin, Jr., 8 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa; Frank J. Murphy, 27 Willow Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1942.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)



# KID PATROL

FOR VICTORY



BUY  
UNITED  
STATES  
WAR  
SAVINGS  
BOND

BOY, I WISH  
I HAD THE  
STRENGTH OF  
**UNCLE SAM!**  
THEN I COULD  
HELP WIN  
THIS WAR!

YEAH, AND IF  
I WAS THE  
**BLACKHAWK,**  
I'D TAKE ALL  
THOSE NAZIS IN  
MY BARE HANDS  
AND---

HEY..  
**KID PATROL,**  
YOU CAN  
DO  
SOMETHING!!

IS MAH  
EYES  
DECEIVING  
ME?

GEEEE!  
UNCLE  
SAM!

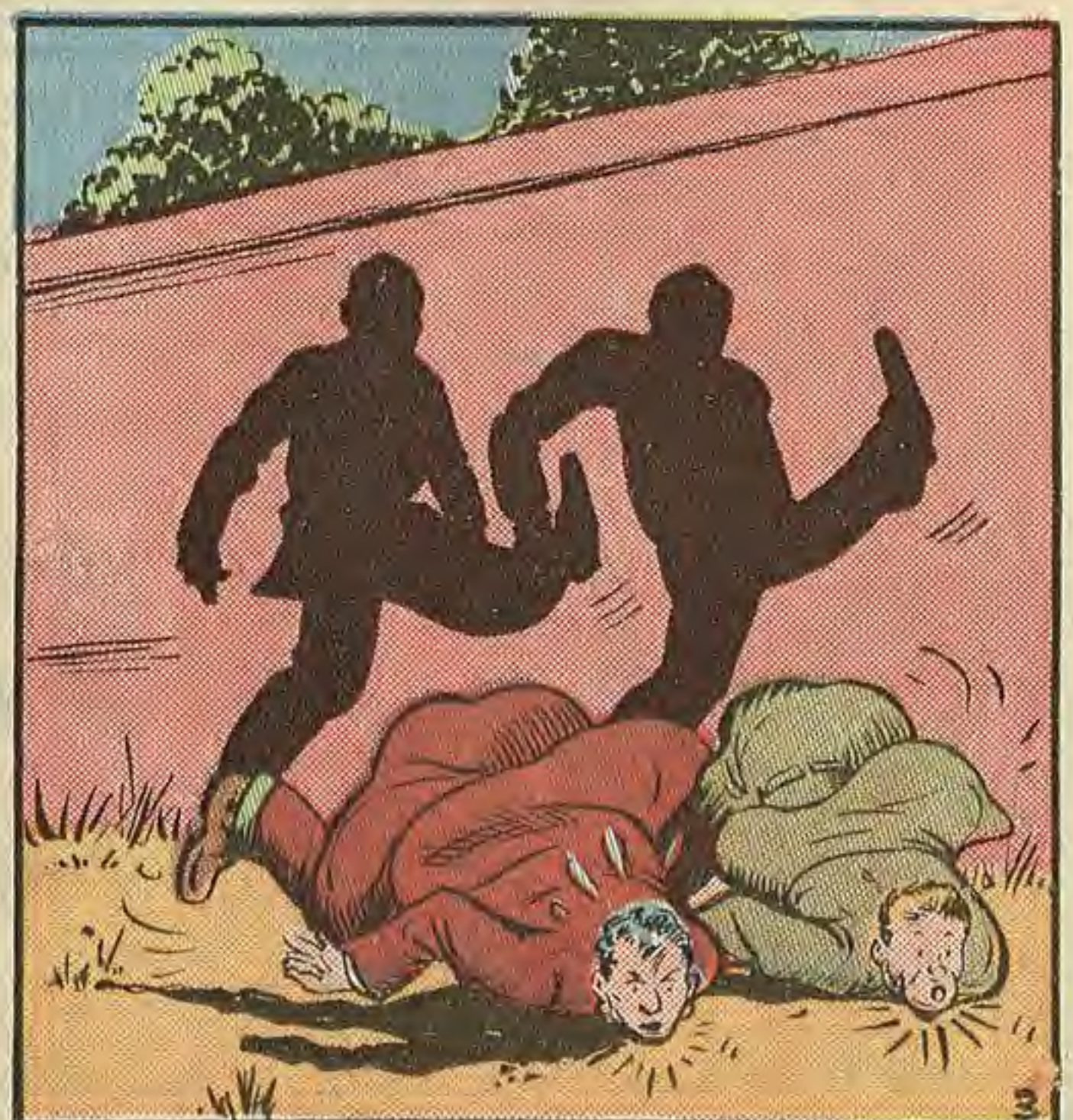
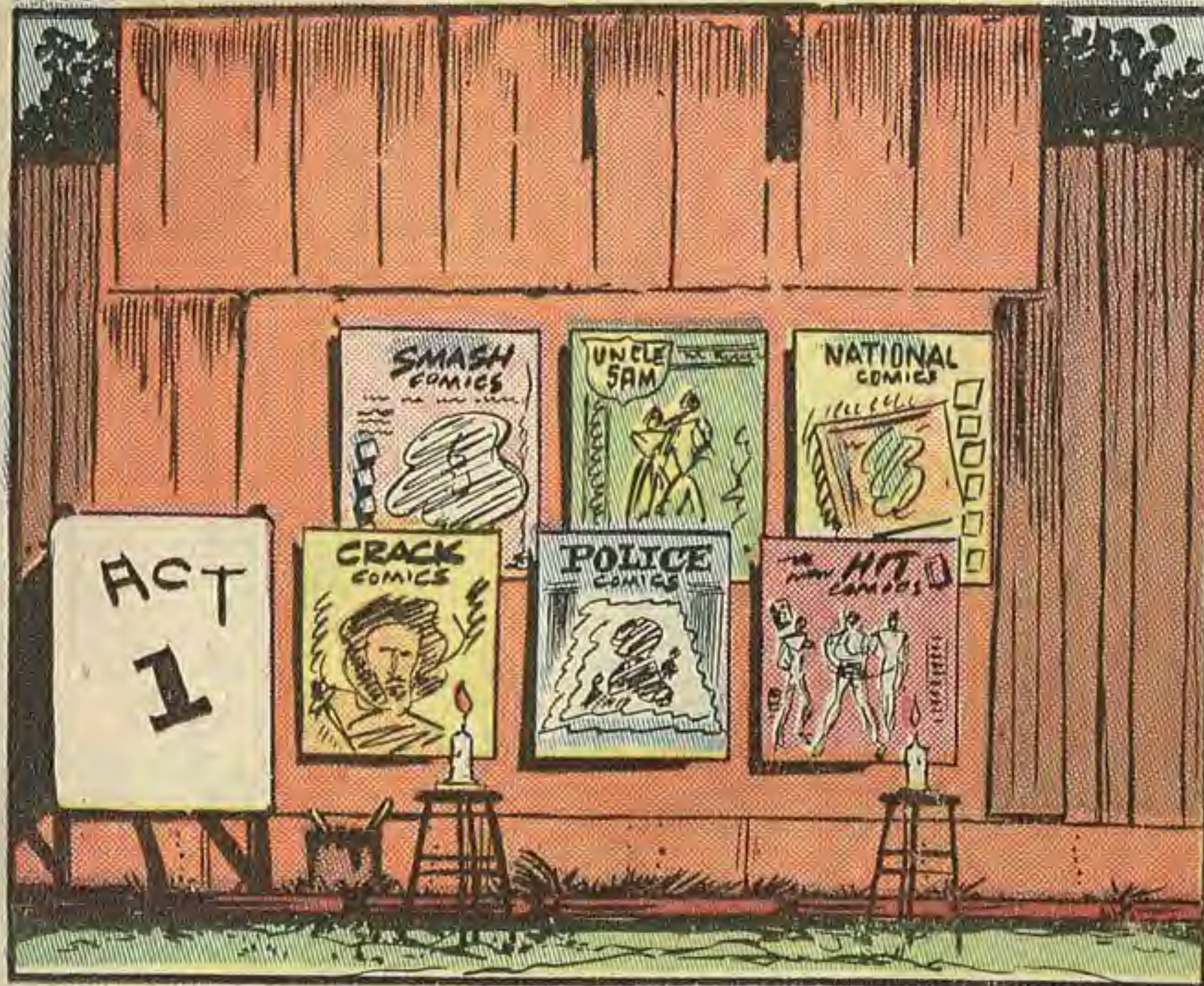
WHAT CAN  
WE DO,  
UNCLE  
SAM?







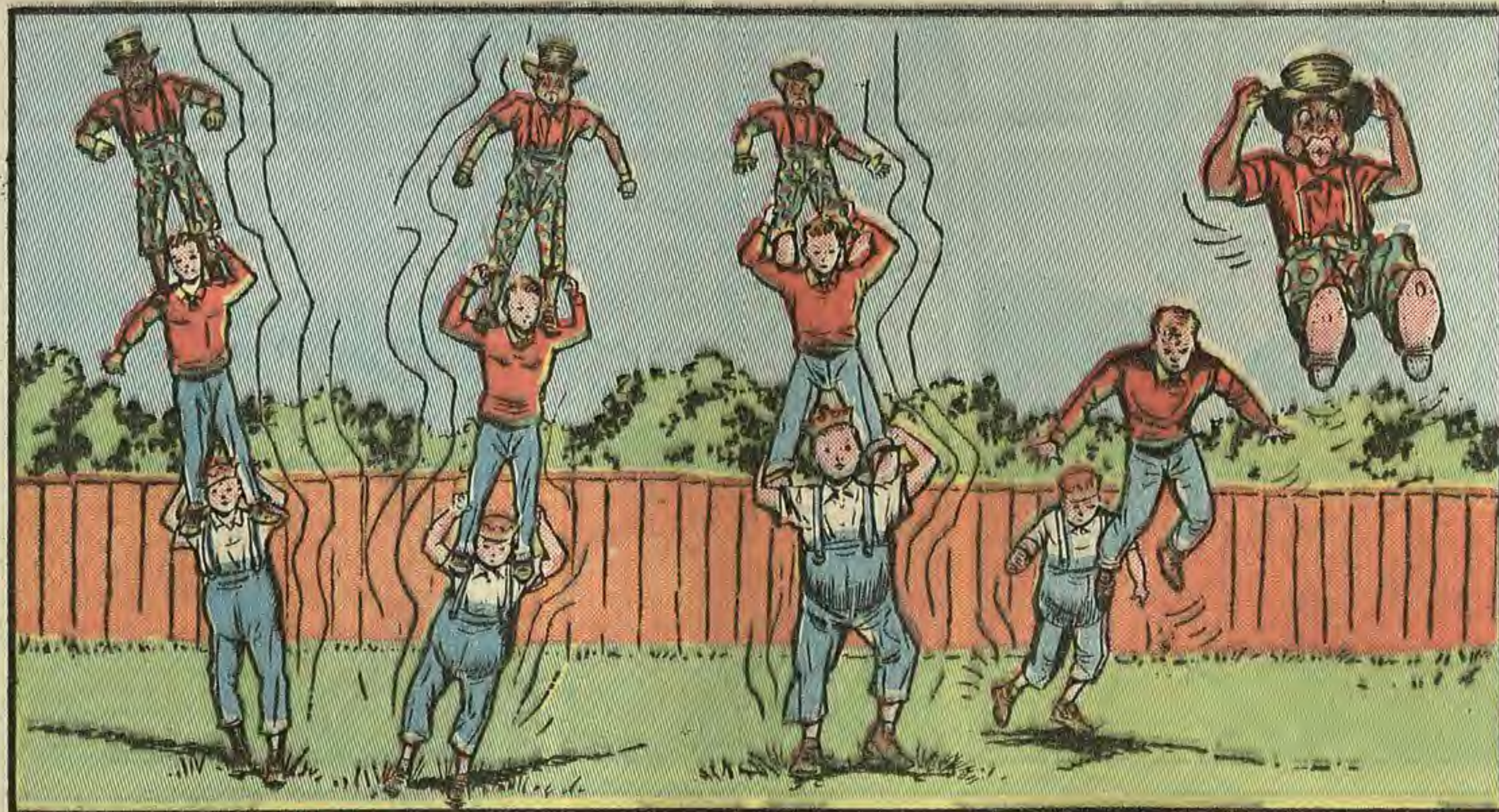
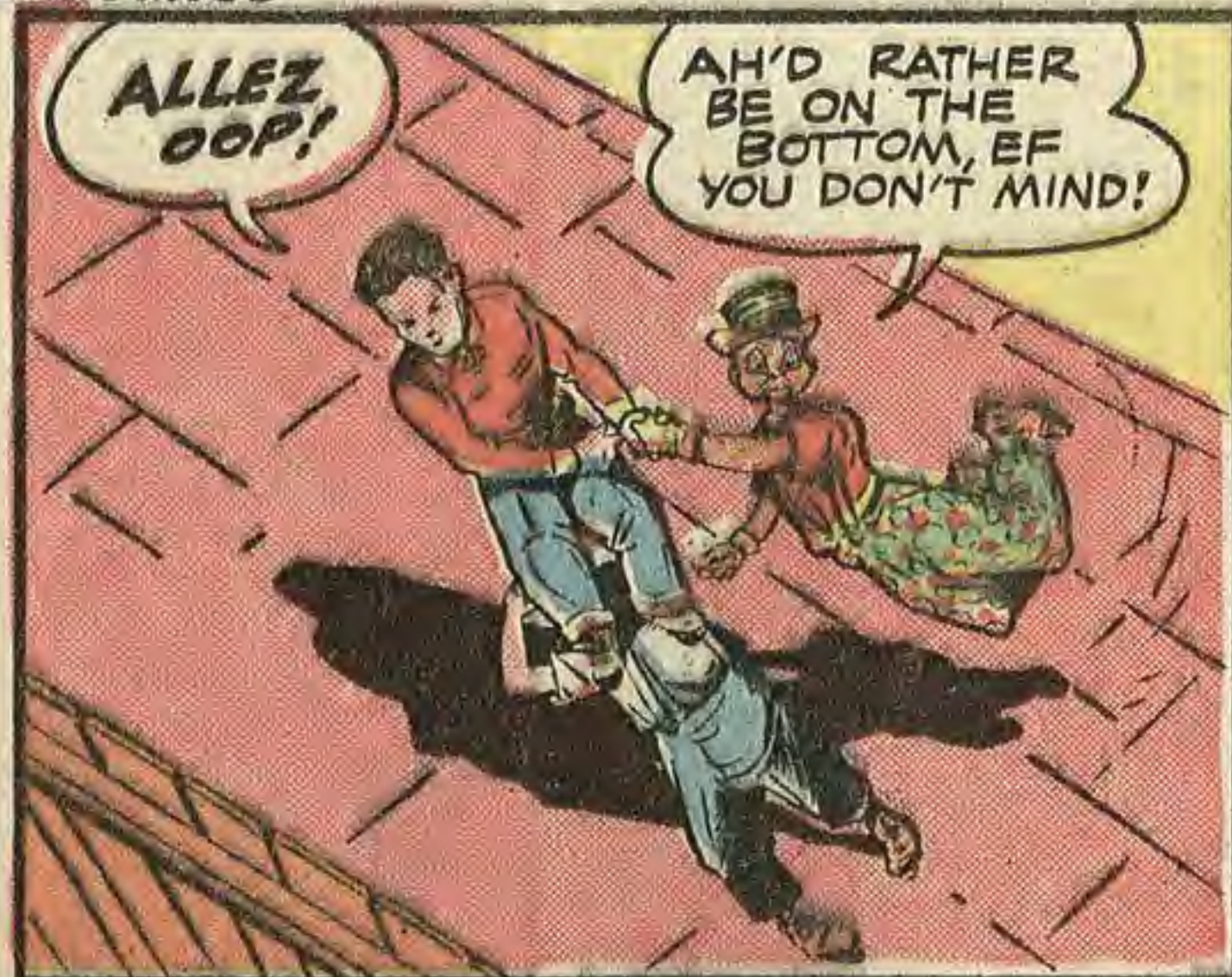




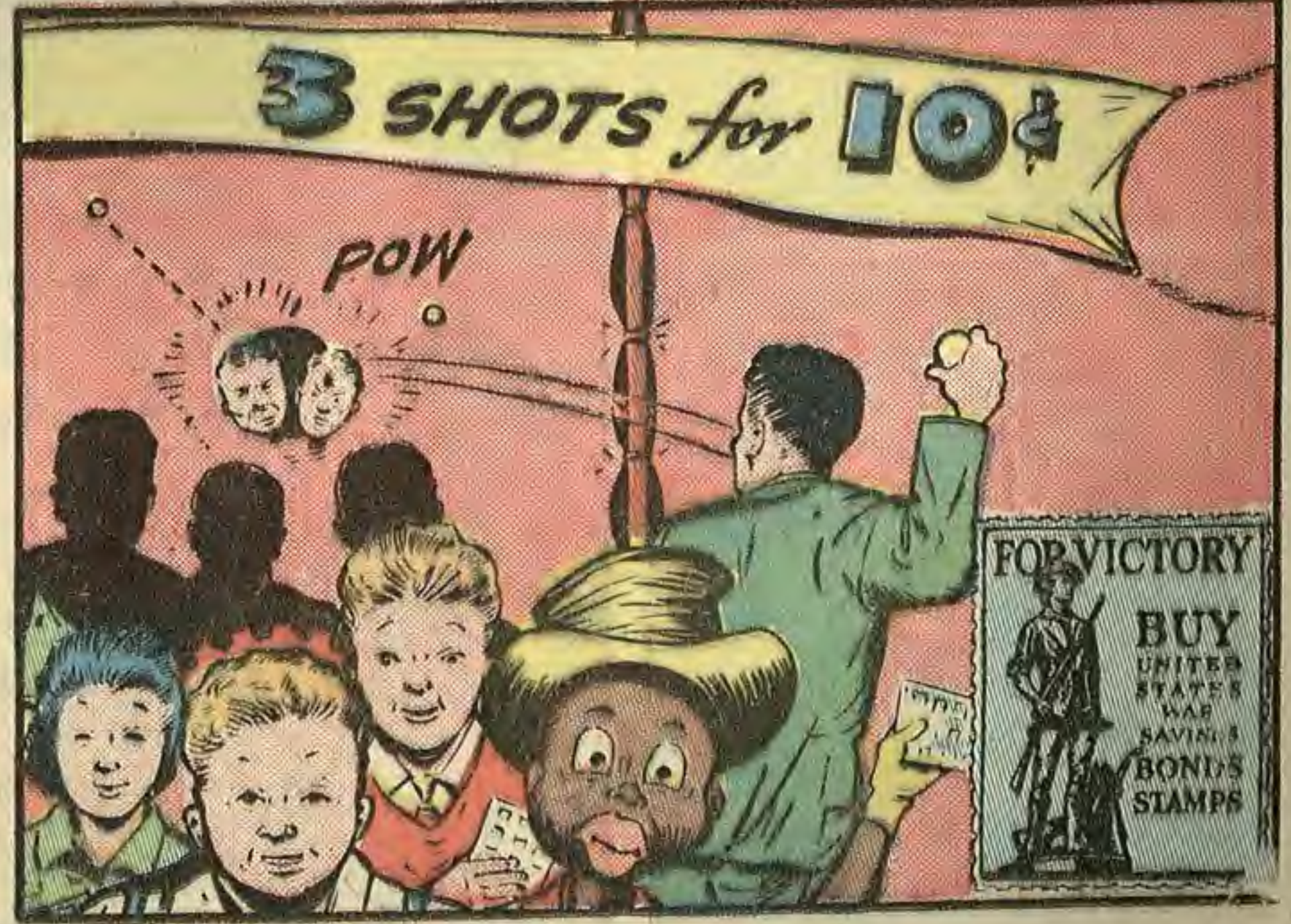














# Miss Winky

The All-American Girl

By ARTHUR FREEMAN

I'D SURE LIKE TO GO OUT SHOPPING TODAY -- BUT THE YARD IS A DISGRACE!



WITH DOZENS OF LEAVES DROPPING EVERY HOUR, A COUPLE OF TREES CAN CERTAINLY LITTER UP A PLACE



ALTHO' THE SHADE THEY GAVE DURING THE SUMMER IS WORTH ANY WORK THEY MIGHT CAUSE



GEE WHIZ!! LOOK AT THOSE LEAVES SCATTER IN THE WIND!



DOGGONIT -- NOW I HAVE TO RAKE 'EM ALL UP AGAIN!



THERE MUST BE SOME SCIENTIFIC WAY TO TACKLE THIS PROBLEM -- SAY -- I WONDER?



MAYBE MRS. JONES WILL LEND ME HER VACUUM CLEANER



WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? IT WORKS SWELL!!



I SHOULD BE ALL FINISHED IN ABOUT 10 MINUTES AND THEN--



**BAM!**



SHUCKS! NOT ONLY DO I HAVE NO SHOPPING BUT I HAVE MORE TO EARN TO PAY FOR THAT OL' CLEANER





A ROARING SALVO OF 8 INCH  
SHELLS HITS THE PLUNGING,  
REELING AMERICAN DESTROYER!!

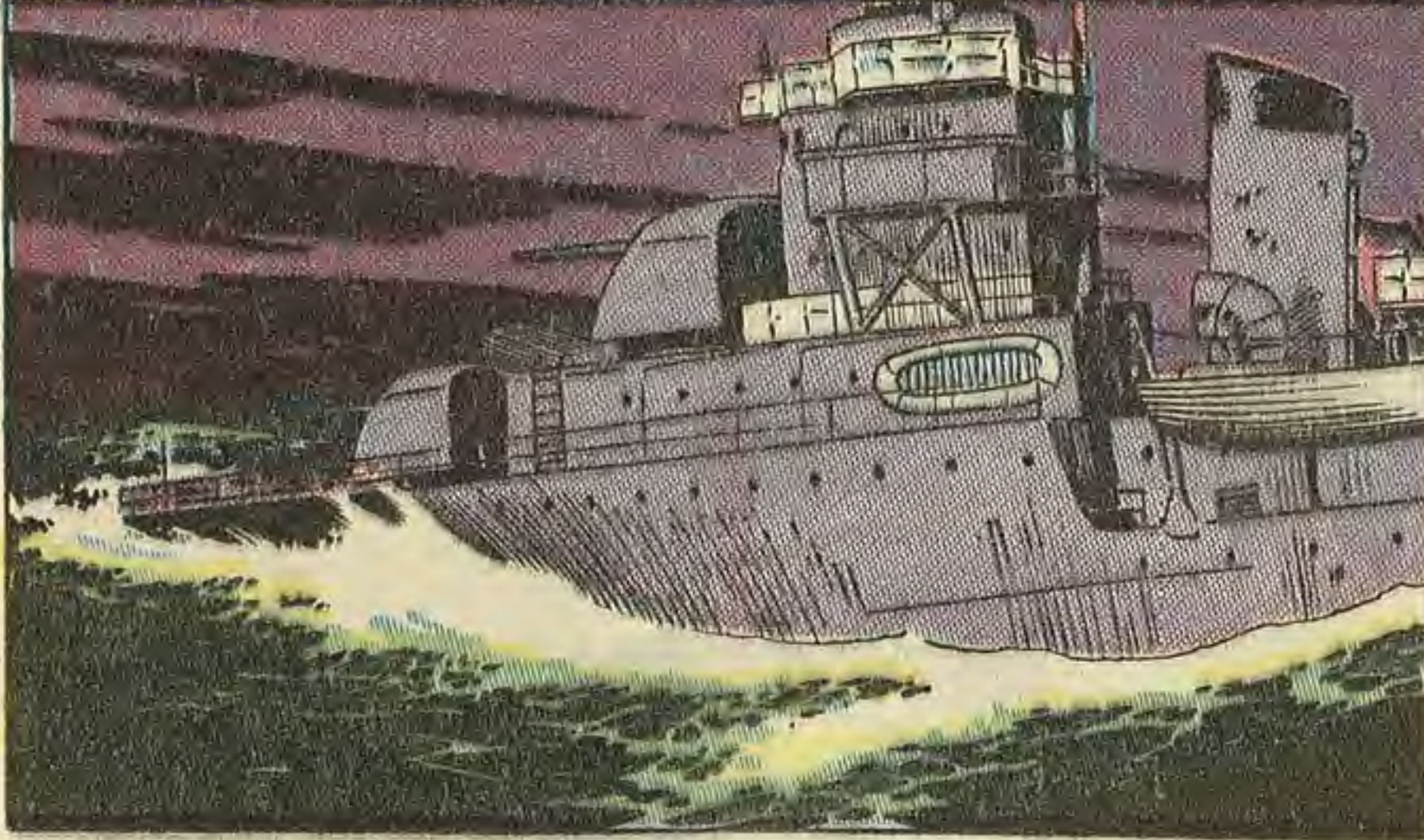


# Destroyer 171

A. M. Williams



WHILE HELPING TO CONVOY MORE THAN TWO SHIPS TO AUSTRALIA, THE U.S. DESTROYER, PAWNEE, POUNDS THROUGH STORMY SEAS AT HER POSITION ON THE RIGHT REAR SECTION OF THE CONVOY--



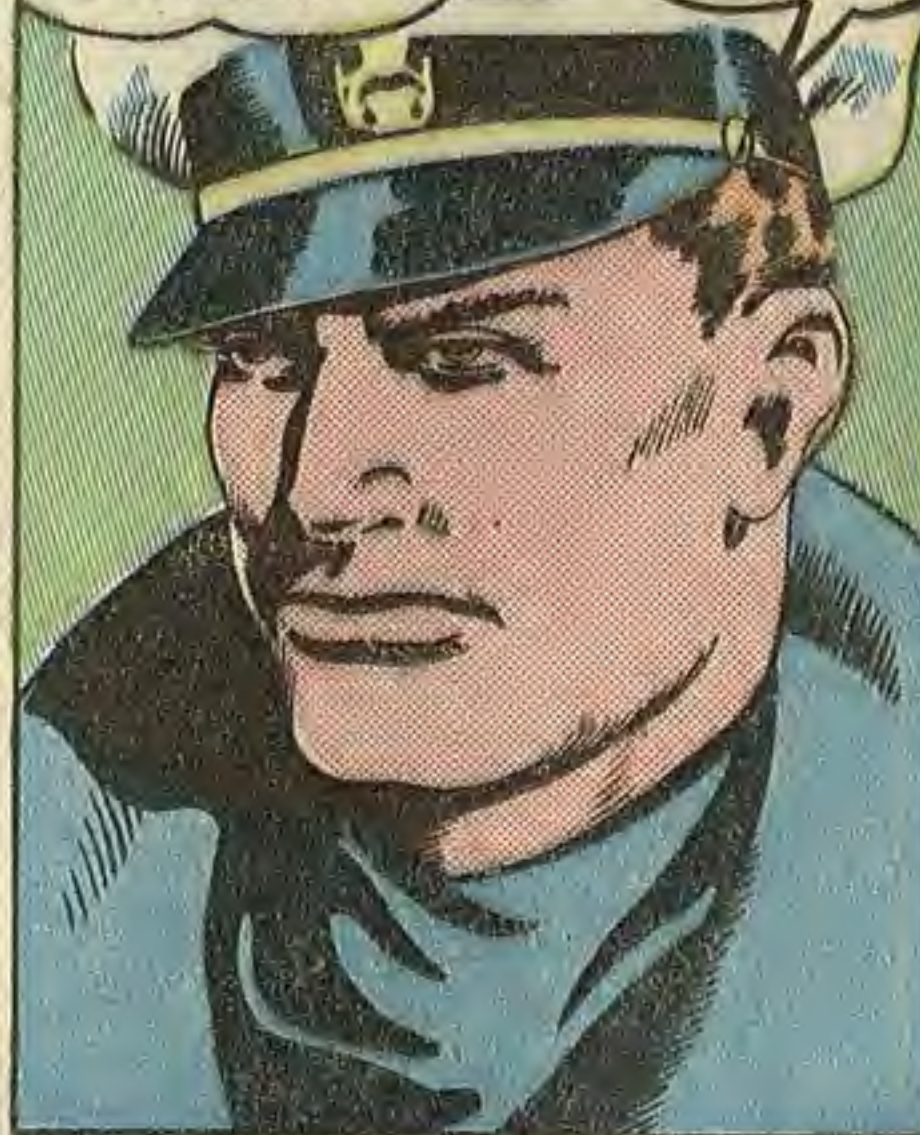
WE'RE PATROLLING COMPLETELY OUT OF SIGHT OF THE CONVOY-- GUESS WE WERE ORDERED TO FAN OUT BECAUSE OF THE STORM.



IF WE HAD A CARRIER IN THE CONVOY, SKIPPER, WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO PATROL THIS FAR OUT FROM THE CONVOY-- THE PLANES COULD DO IT!



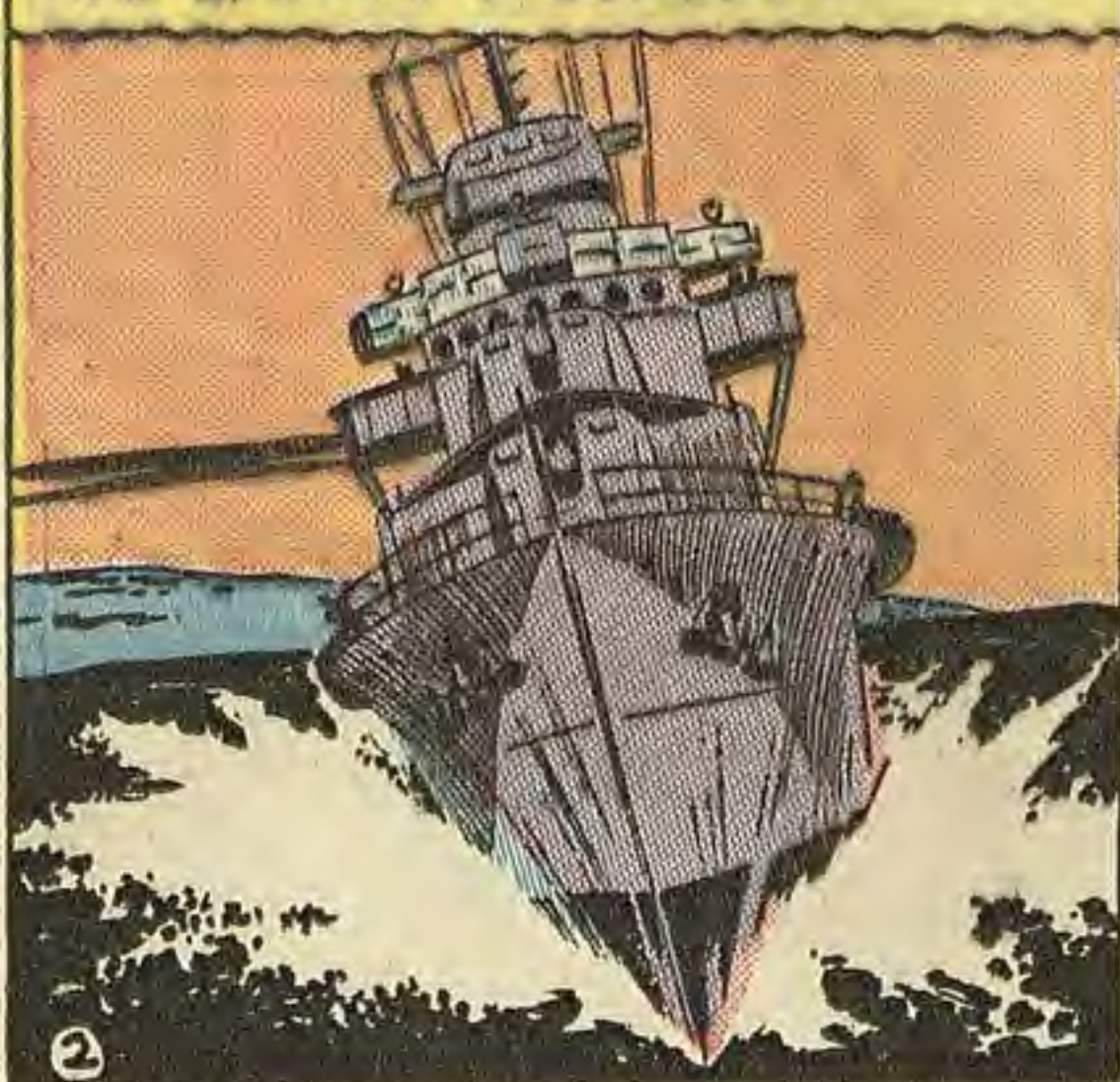
EVEN PLANES COULDN'T PATROL IN THIS SOUP --- CONVOY--



THE PAWNEE DRIVES ON THROUGH THE RAIN SWEEPED SEAS.



A COLD, GRAY, DAWN FINDS THE SHIP STILL SLOGGING ALONG UNDER LEADEN SKIES, BUT THE RAIN HAS CEASED.



ALONE ON THE BRIDGE, THE SKIPPER, LIEUT. COMMANDER BLAKE, SUDDENLY HEARS SOMETHING.



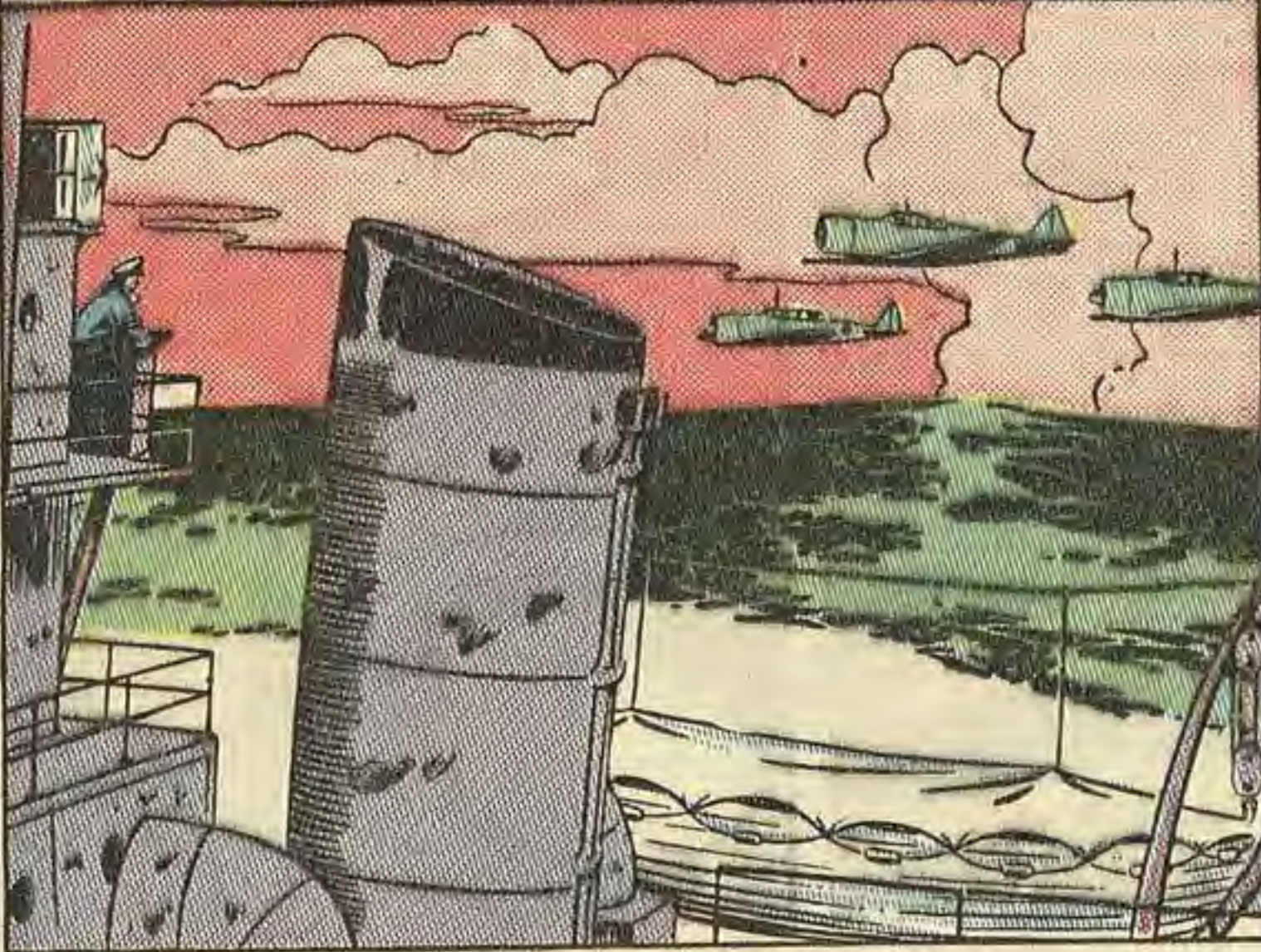
PLANE MOTORS --- COMING DOWN FROM THE NORTH!!

BUT THEY CAN'T BE OURS! WE'RE TOO FAR OUT AT SEA FOR OUR SHORE-BASED PLANES --- OR FOR ANY SHORE-BASED JAP PLANES EITHER!





SUDDENLY, A FLIGHT OF PLANES ROAR OUT OF THE MURK ON THE STARBOARD SIDE... FLYING LOW AND FAST...



...AND VANISH AGAIN IN THE MIST JUST AS QUICKLY.



JAPS-JAP PLANES!

THEY WERE CARRIER PLANES-- THERE MUST BE A JAP FORCE TO THE NORTH-- ALL HANDS TO GENERAL STATIONS!



BREAK RADIO SILENCE, CONVOY-- INFORM THE CONVOY I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THERE ARE JAP SHIPS COMING IN BEHIND-- WHAT TH--



THE SUDDEN HOWL OF AIR-PLANE ENGINES IN A POWER DIVE DROWNS OUT ALL OTHER SOUND.



THE JAP FLIGHT SPOTTED US... THEY'VE COME BACK!

THAT STOP 'MERICAN DESTROYER FROM WARNING CONVOY--



WE FINISH IT LATER, EH, TOGO?

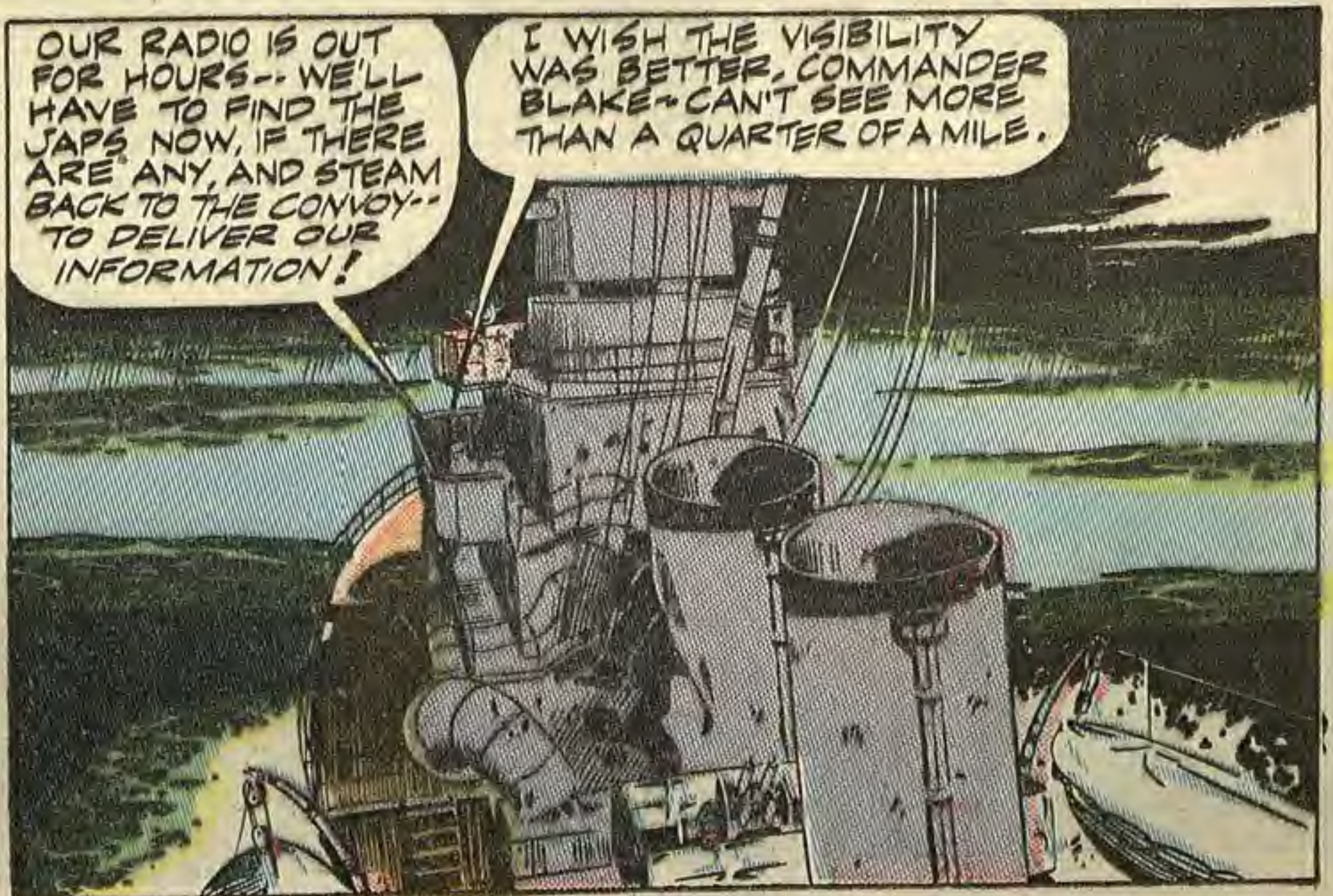
WOW! THAT WAS SUDDEN!

THEY'VE SMASHED OUR RADIO SHACK, SKIPPER! RUINED HALF THE BRIDGE!

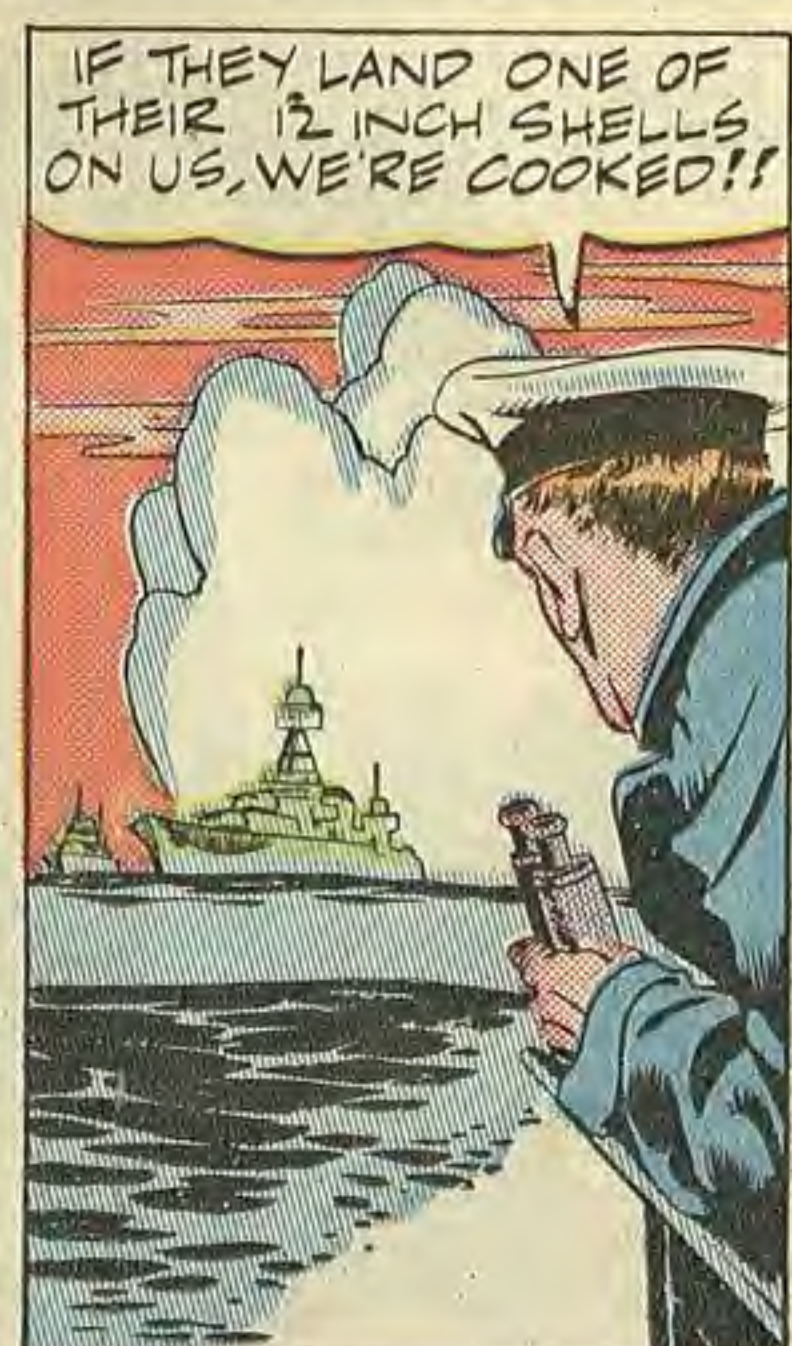
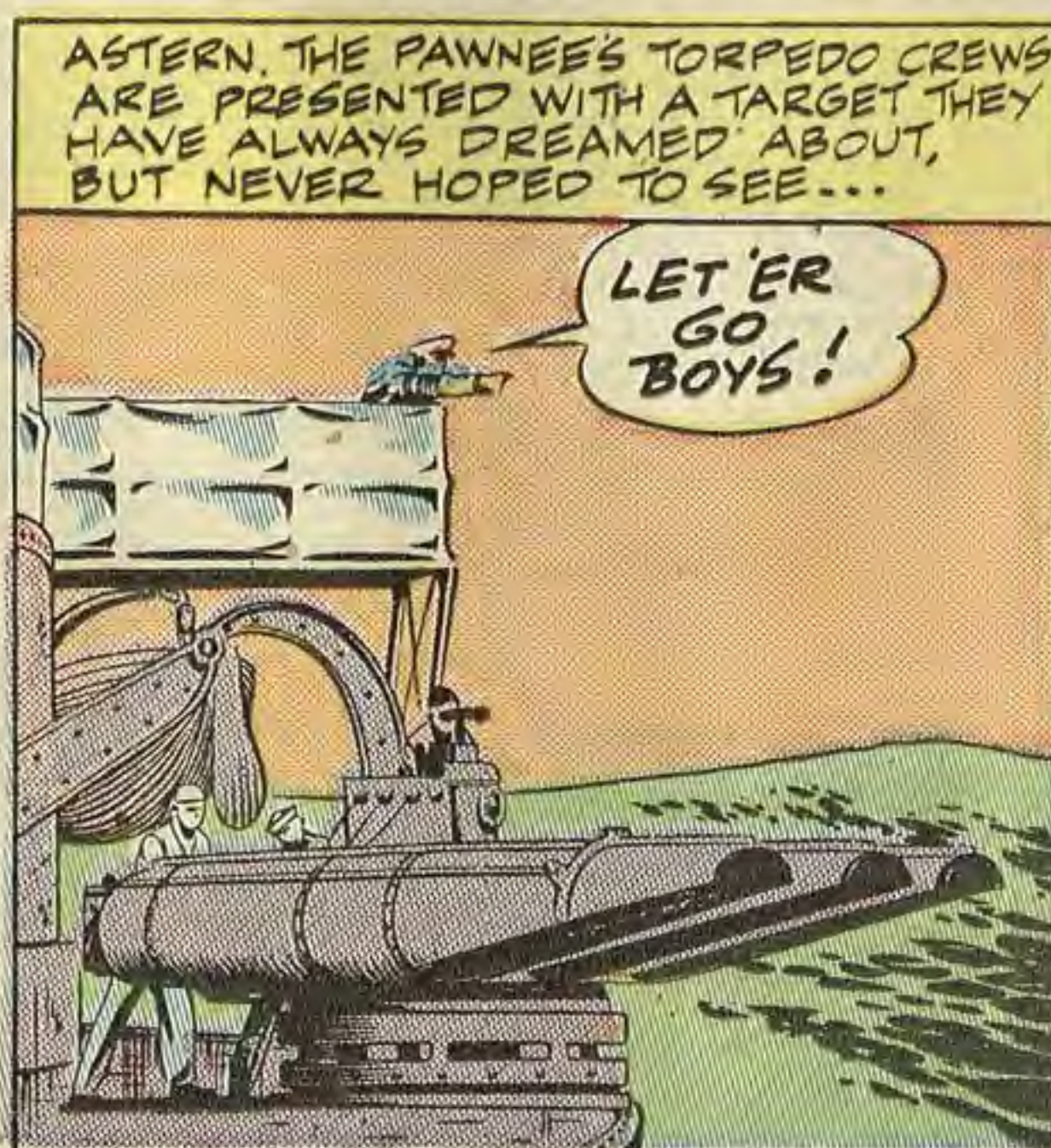
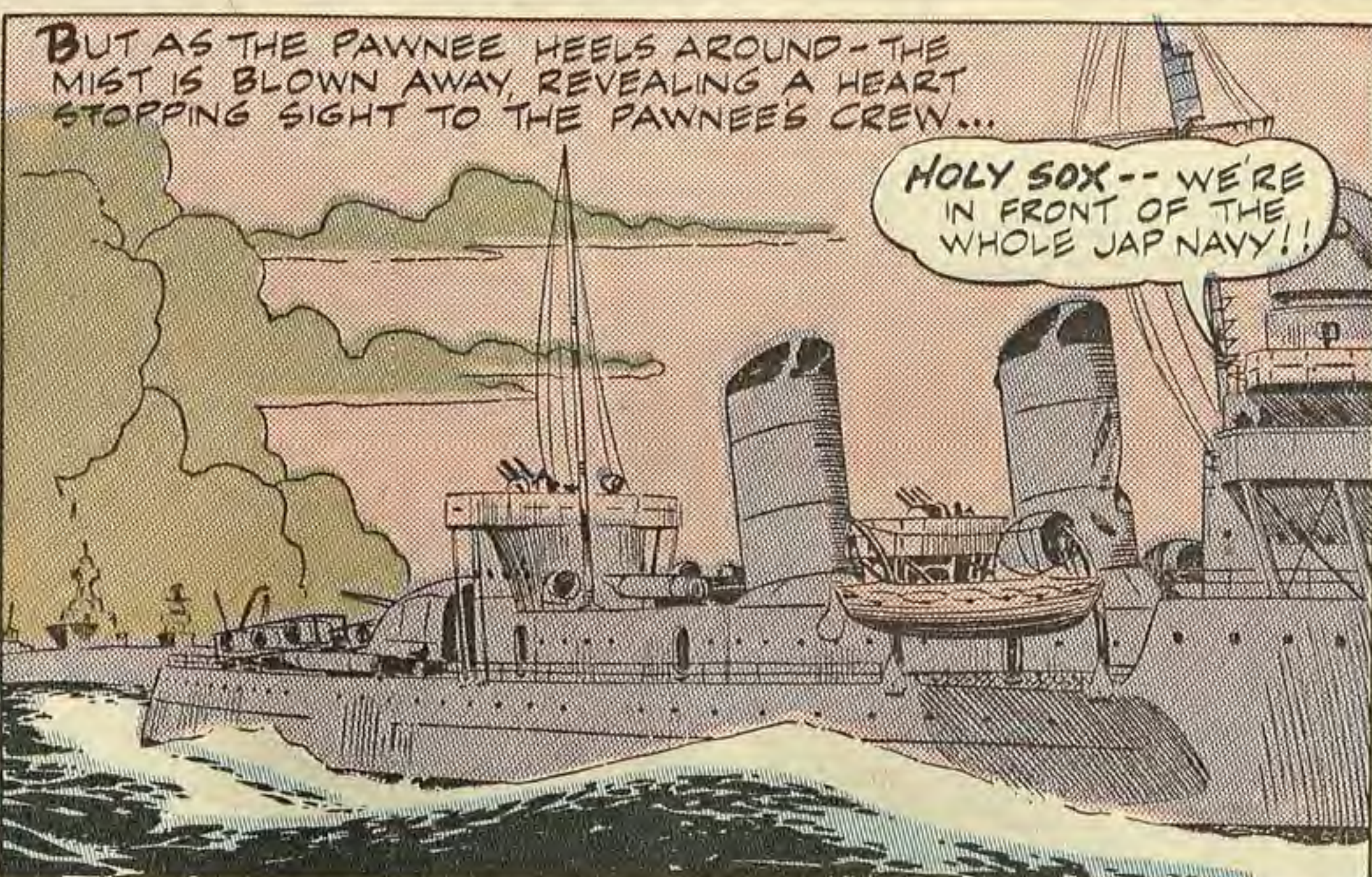


OUR RADIO IS OUT FOR HOURS-- WE'LL HAVE TO FIND THE JAPS NOW, IF THERE ARE ANY, AND STEAM BACK TO THE CONVOY-- TO DELIVER OUR INFORMATION!

I WISH THE VISIBILITY WAS BETTER, COMMANDER BLAKE-- CAN'T SEE MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A MILE.

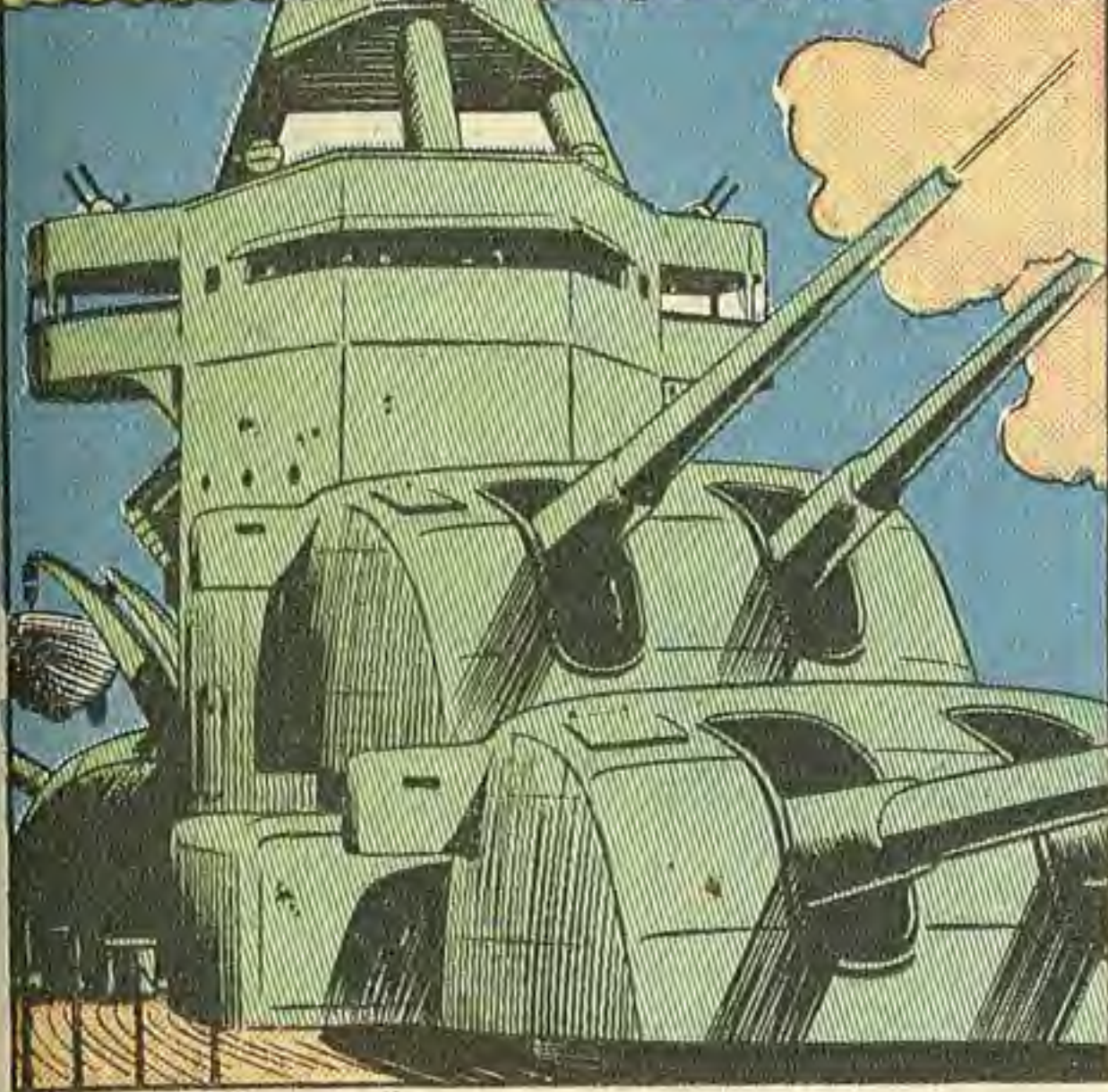








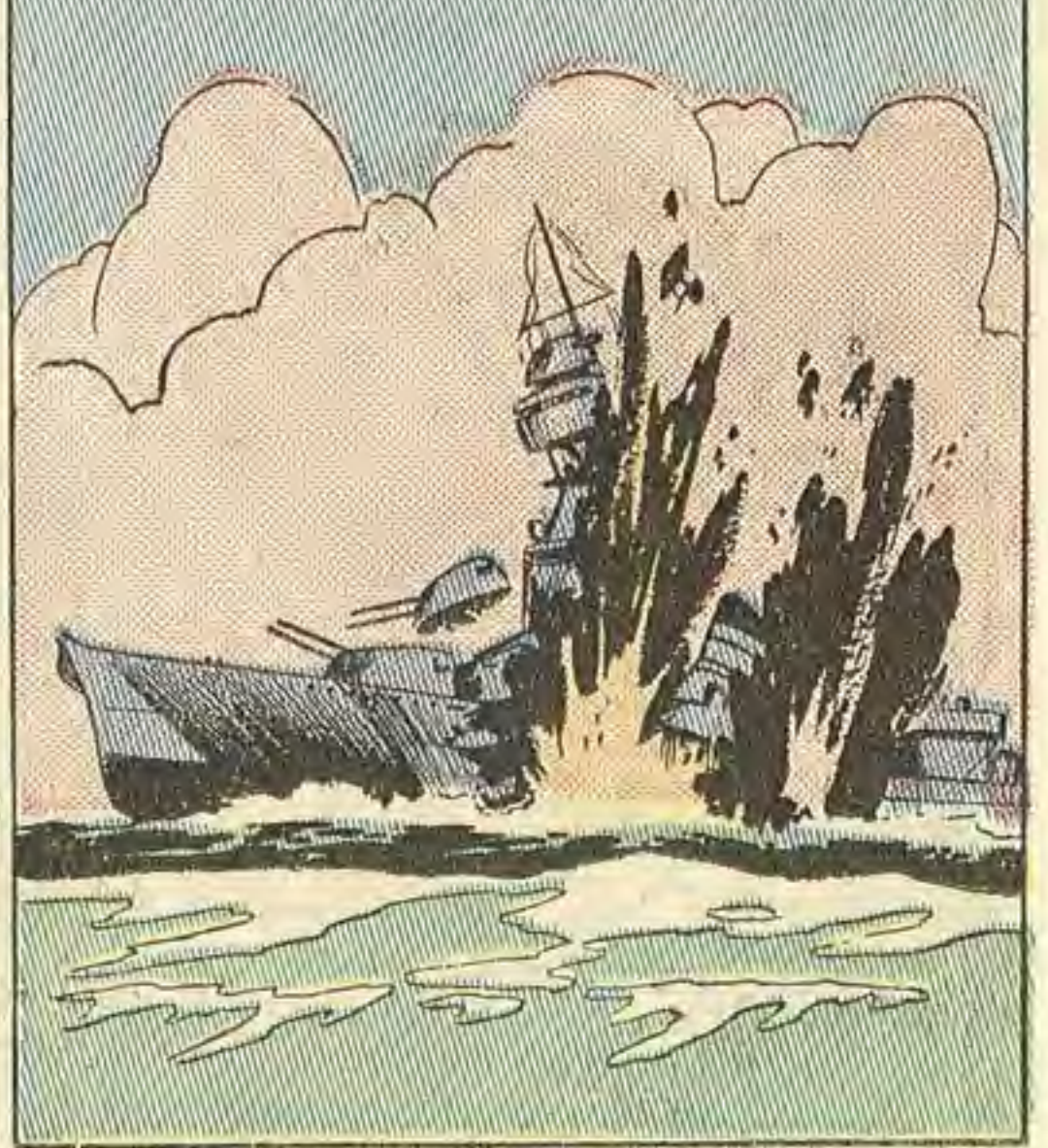
THE NEAREST JAP SHIP, A BIG CRUISER, OPENS FIRE ON THE FLEEING PAWNEE.



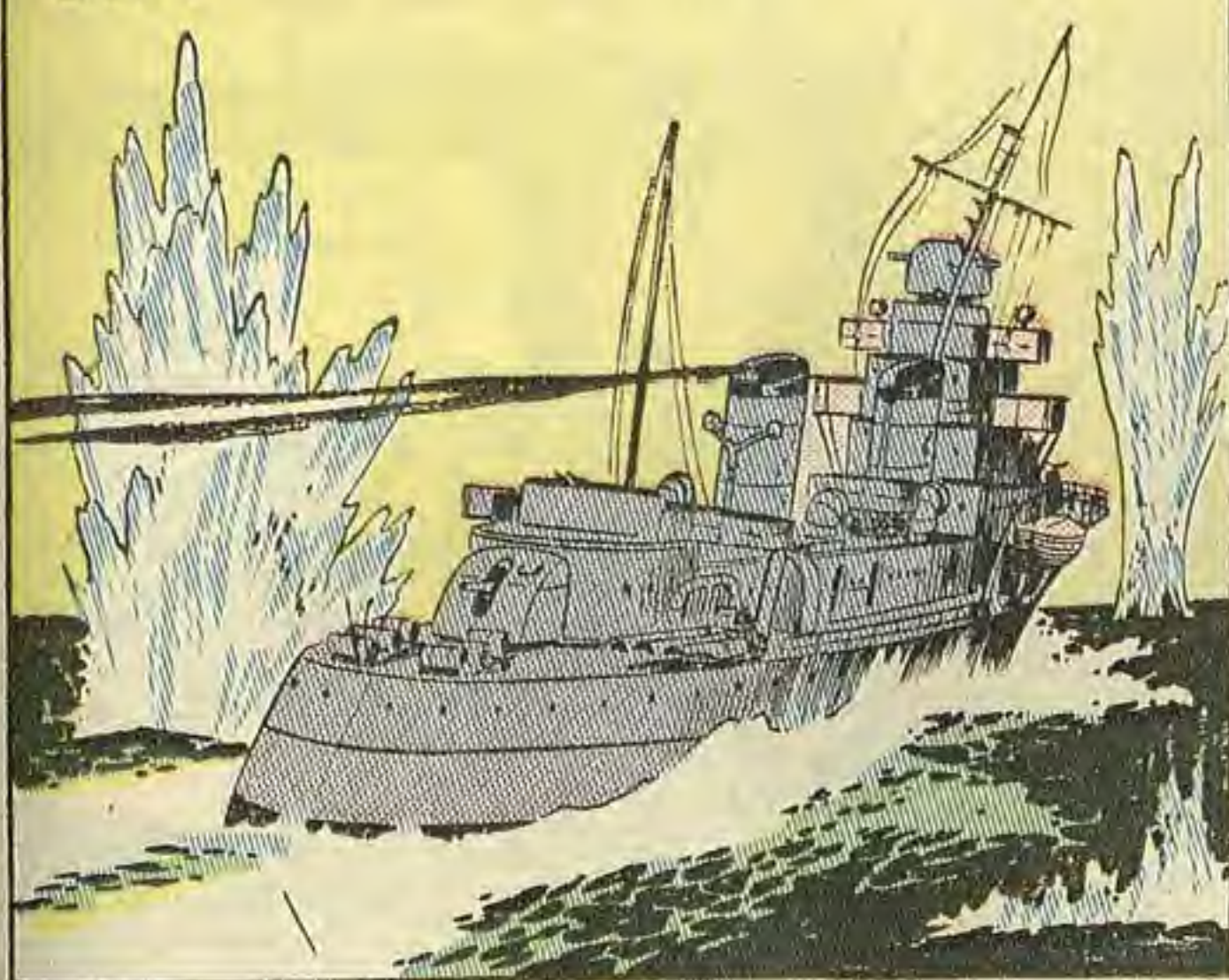
AH-- OUR FIRST SHELLS HAVE BRACKETED FOOLISH 'MERICAN DESTROYER! OUR NEXT SALVO WILL---



THE SECOND SALVO IS NEVER FIRED! TWO TORPEDOES RIPS THE JAP CRUISER APART---



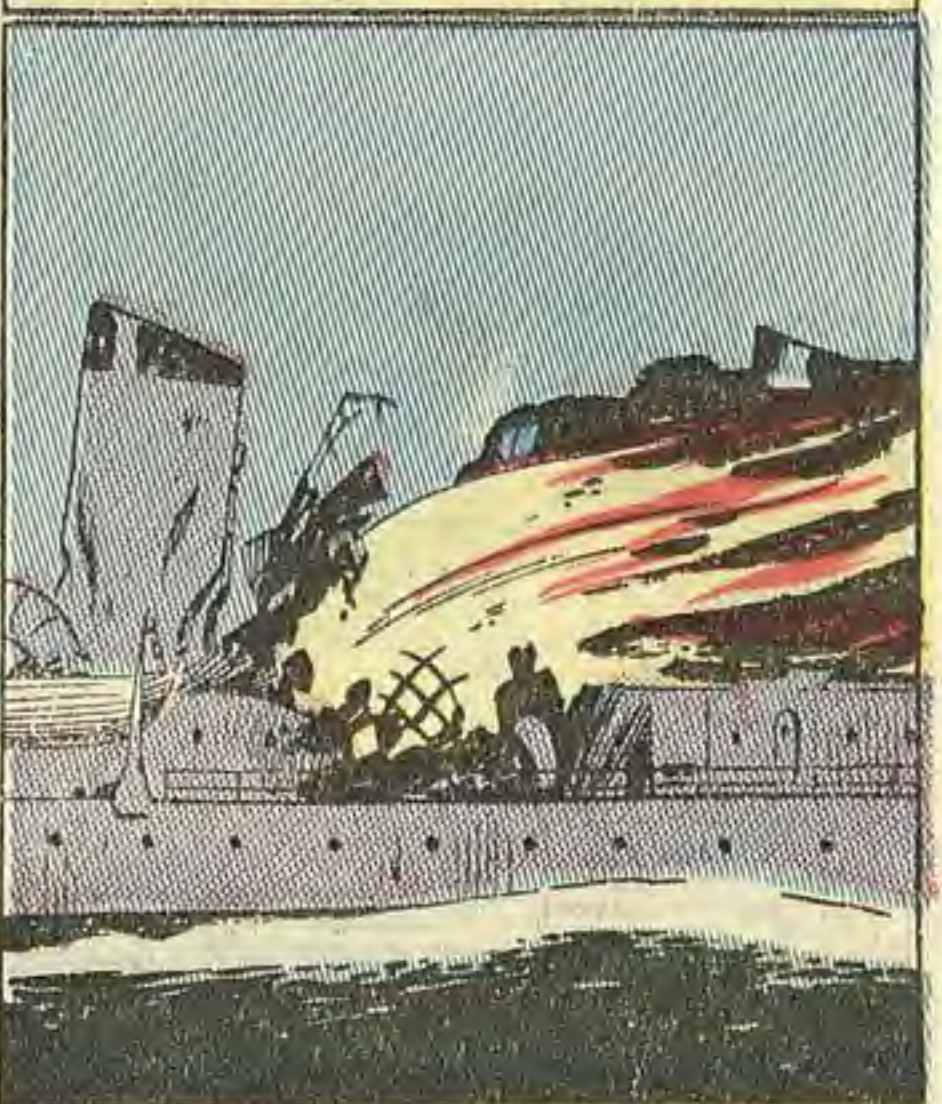
THE DESTROYER RACES SOUTHWARD WITH THE ENRAGED JAP FLEET IN HOT PURSUIT AND BLAZING AWAY WITH EVERY GUN!



SMOKE SCREEN! IT'S OUR ONLY...

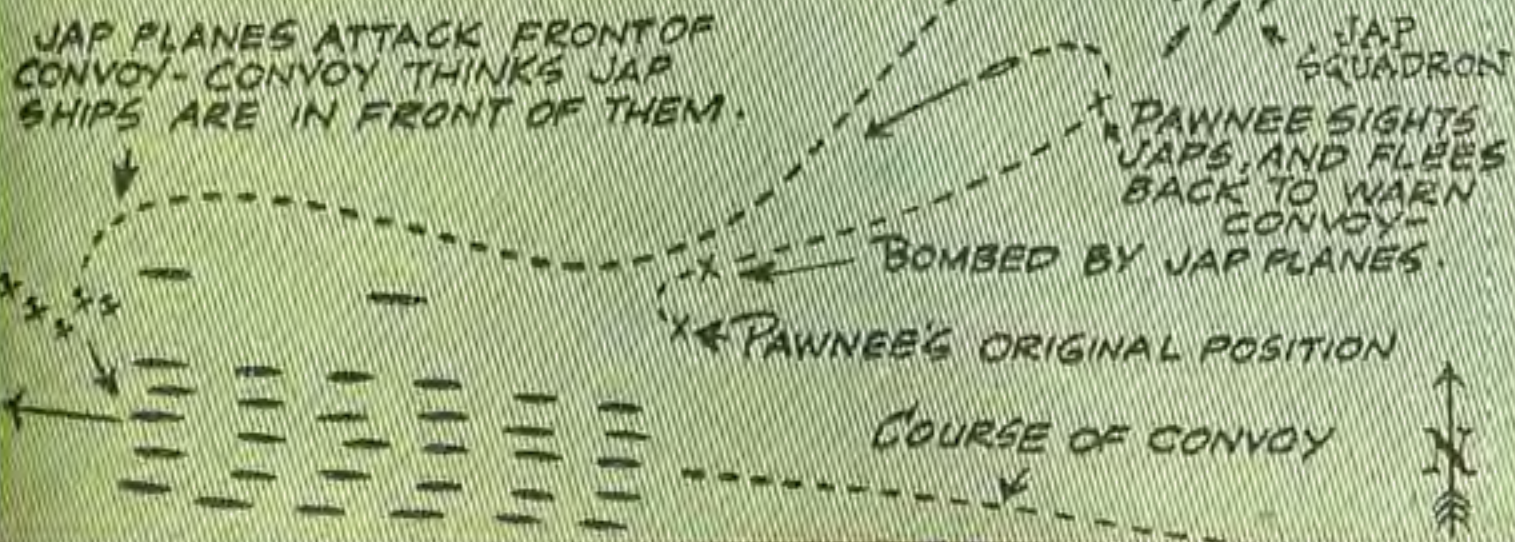


A 6 INCH SHELL CRASHES HOME AMIDSHIPS, WRECKING THE WARDROOM AND SETTING IT AFIRE!

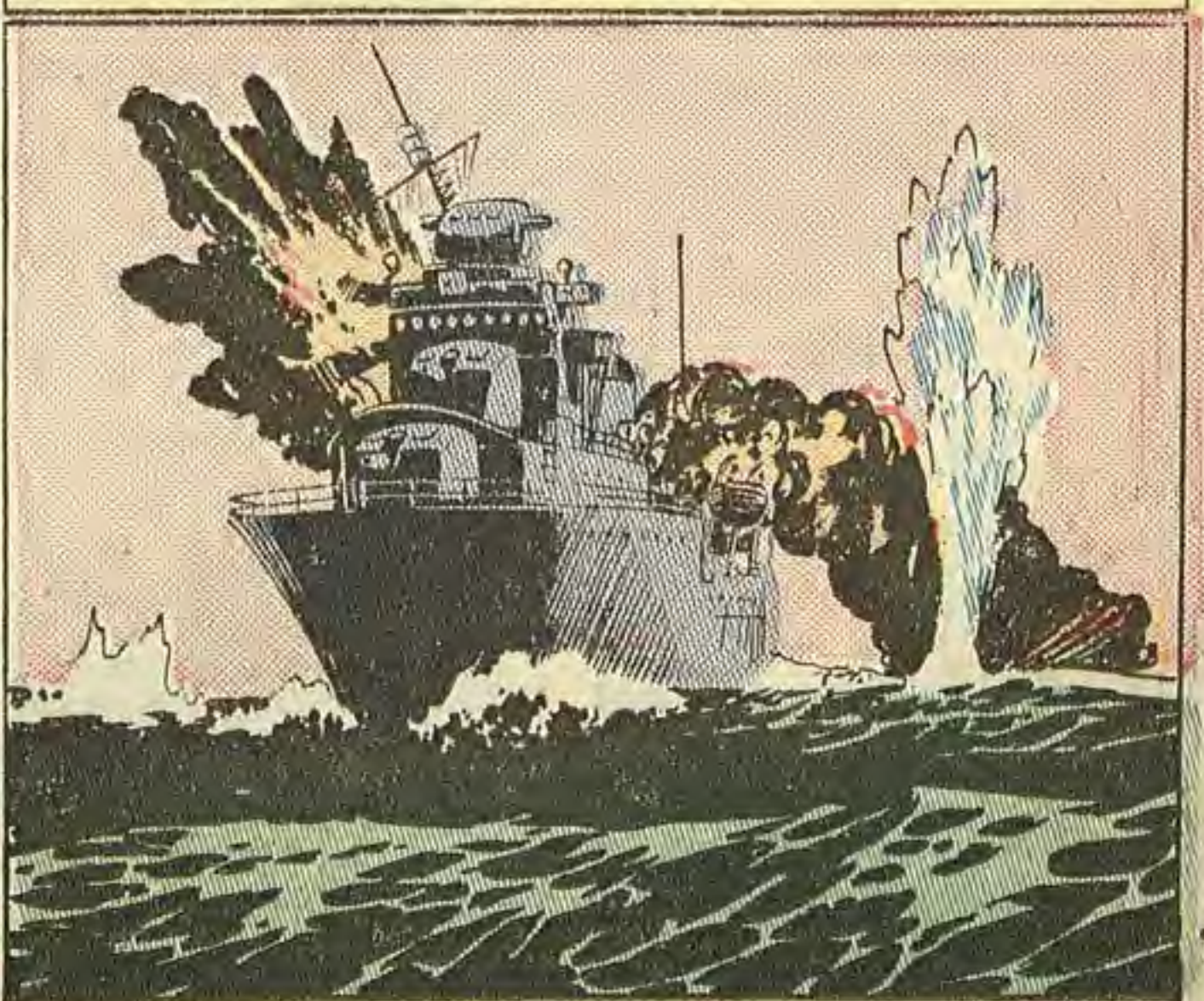


### MAP OF ACTION

JAP PLANES ATTACK FRONT OF CONVOY- CONVOY THINKS JAP SHIPS ARE IN FRONT OF THEM.



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, A ROARING SALVO OF 8-INCH SHELLS HITS THE PLUNGING, REELING AMERICAN DESTROYER.

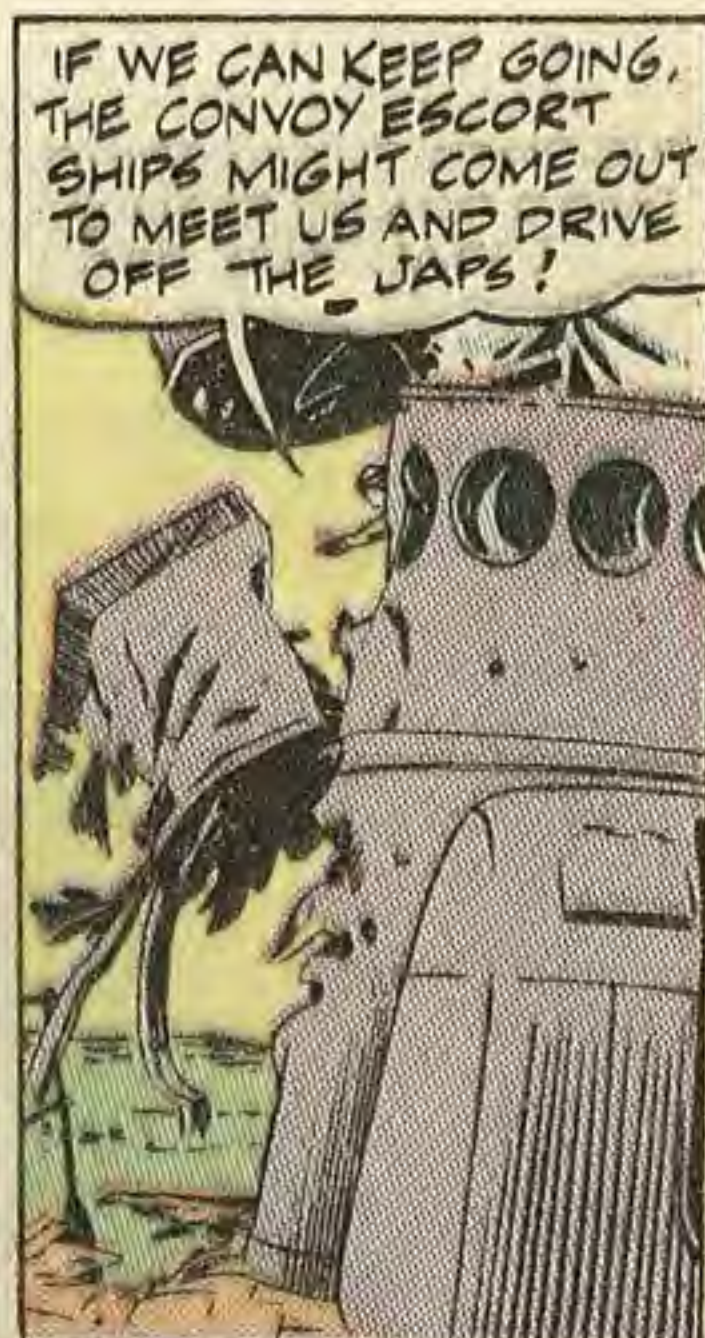


IF WE CAN OUTRUN THEM, THE CONVOY WILL BE WARNED BY HEARING THE GUN FIRE, CONVOY!

THE JAPS WERE GOING TO SNEAK UP ON THE REAR OF THE SLOWER CONVOY, EH, SKIPPER?









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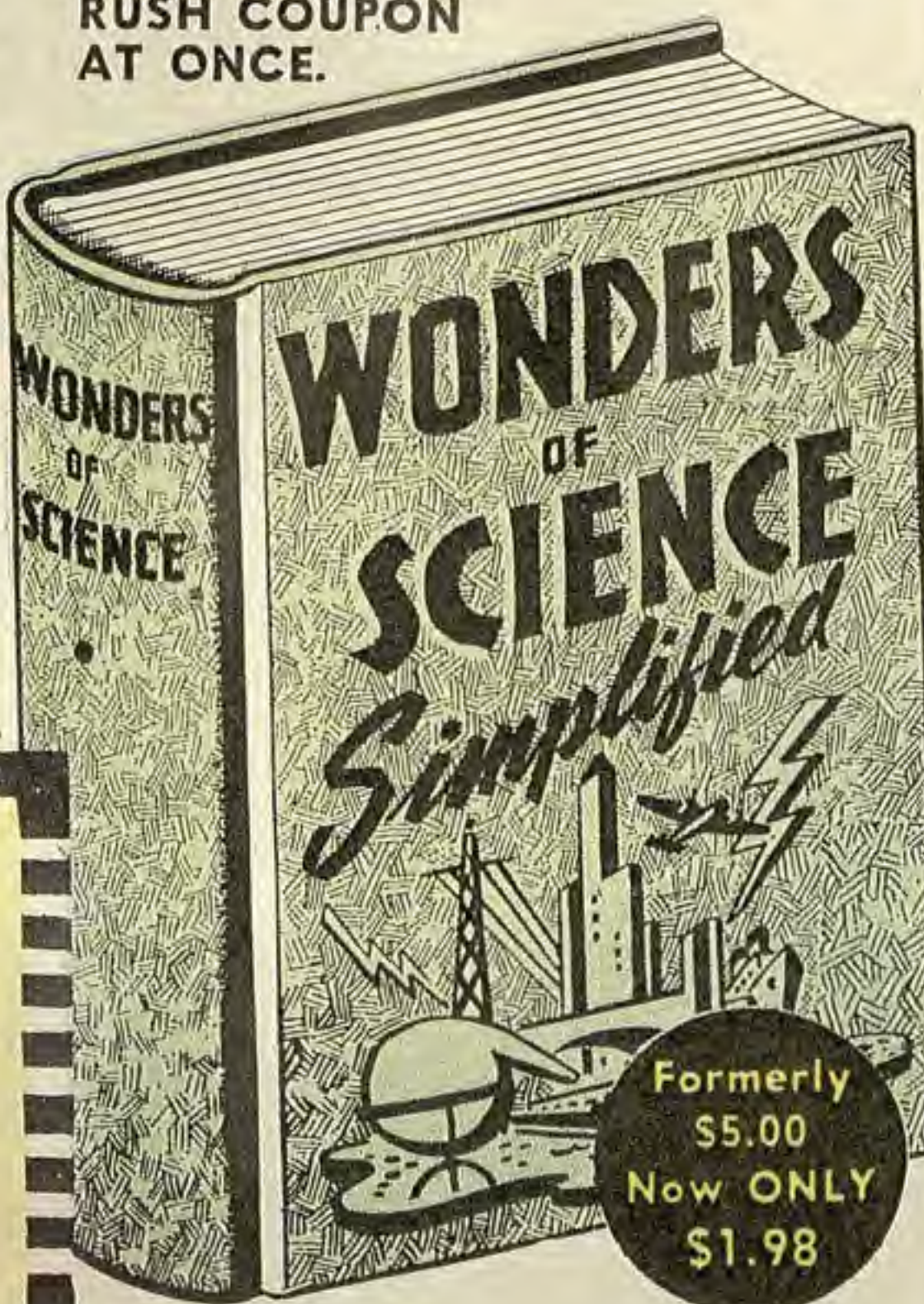
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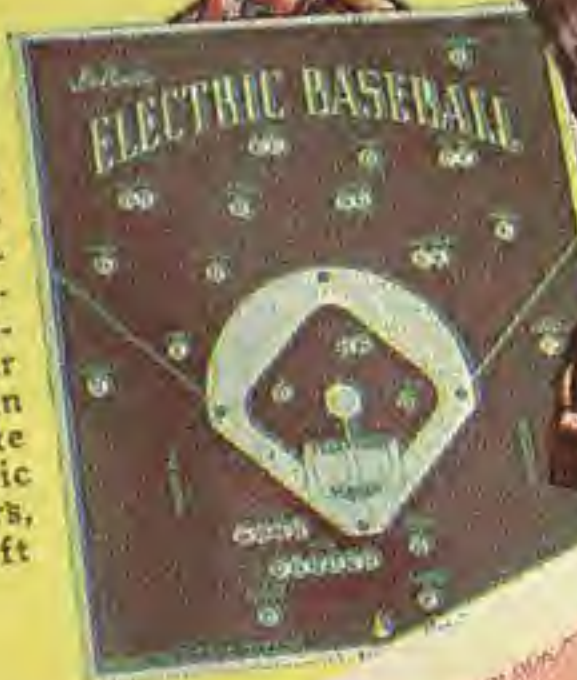
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